The School of

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

Volume XLII, No. 5 February, 1928

The Sculpture of Jacob Epstein

By Rose Lee

The Journey

By Tupper Greenwald

Berlin's Colony of Russian Jews

By Boris Brutskus

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

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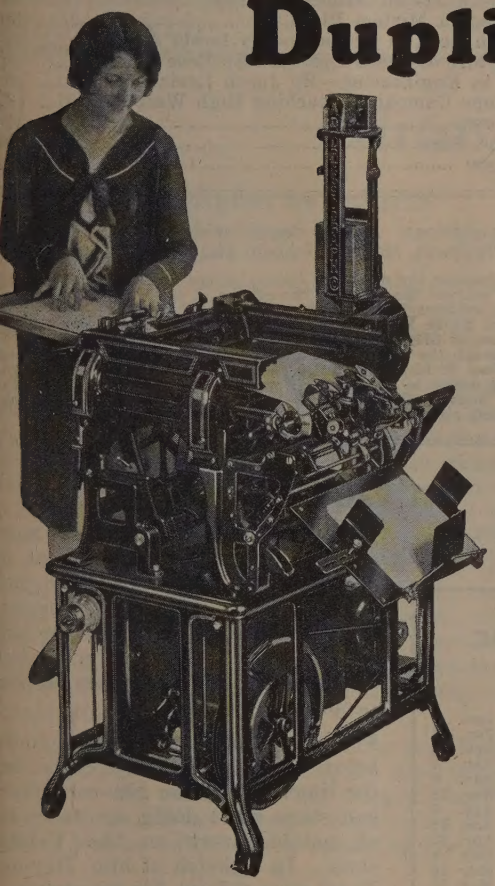

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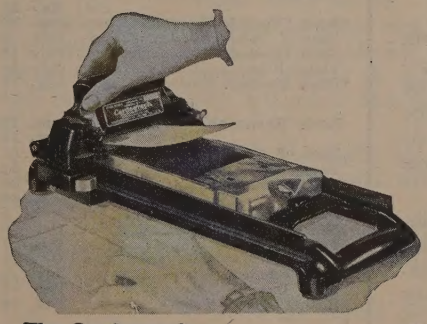

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VOLUME XLII
No. 5

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Among Our Contributors

¶ Leon Spitz has written extensively on the Jewish interests of famous non-Jewish philosophers, statesmen and poets. He is the author also of a number of monographs on the part the Jews have played in general history. He is Rabbi of the Hoboken Jewish Center of Hoboken, N. J.

¶ Tupper Greenwald is considered one of the most promising of the younger American short story writers. The 1924 and 1926 editions of O'Brien's annual collection of best short stories include reprints of Mr. Greenwald's work.

¶ I. A. Abbady lives in Jerusalem where he serves as head of the Interpreter's division of the Palestine Government. He is known to the readers of the B'nai B'rith Magazine for his articles on various phases of Palestinian life.

¶ Boris Brutskus is one of the intellectual leaders of the new Jewish community in Berlin. He was formerly a professor at the University of Leningrad.

¶ Rose Lee is considered an authority on the sculpture of Jacob Epstein. With the present article she makes her first appearance before the readers of the B'nai B'rith Magazine.

¶ Regina Miriam Bloch lives in London and is the author of several volumes of verse, essays, short stories and epigrams. She is best known for her fantasies on Jewish historical themes.

Jewish Calendar 5688

1928

Fast of Tebeth	Tues.,	Jan. 3
Rosh Chodesh Shevat	Mon.,	Jan. 23
*Rosh Chodesh Adar	Wed.,	Feb. 22
Fast of Esther	Mon.,	Mar. 5
Purim	Tues.,	Mar. 6
Rosh Chodesh Nissan	Thurs.,	Mar. 22
First Day of Pessach	Thurs.,	Apr. 5
Eighth Day of Pessach	Thurs.,	Apr. 12
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar	Sat.,	Apr. 21
Lag B'Omer	Tues.,	May 8
Rosh Chodesh Sivan	Sun.,	May 20
Shavuoth	Fri.,	May 25
	Sat.,	May 26
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz	Tues.,	June 19
Fast of Tammuz	Thurs.,	July 5
Rosh Chodesh Ab	Wed.,	July 18
Tisho B'ov	Thurs.,	July 26
*Rosh Chodesh Elul	Fri.,	Aug. 17

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Rosh Hashonah	Sat.,	Sept. 15
	Sun.,	Sept. 16
Fast of Gedalia	Mon.,	Sept. 17
Yom Kippur	Mon.,	Sept. 24
Succoth	Sat.,	Sept. 29
	Sun.,	Sept. 30
Hashana Rabba	Fri.,	Oct. 5
Shemini Azereth	Sat.,	Oct. 6
Simchas Torah	Sun.,	Oct. 7
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan	Mon.,	Oct. 15
Rosh Chodesh Kislev	Tues.,	Nov. 13
First Day of Chanukah	Sat.,	Dec. 8
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth	Fri.,	Dec. 14

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

In Our Portfolio

¶ Jewish life is rapidly changing and becoming more complex. Articles, stories and character sketches, in our portfolio, ready for early publication, depict graphically personalities who are playing a leading part in this transformation, as well as the life of the masses of our people here and abroad.

¶ Muni Weisenfreund is a young actor who has recently come into the limelight on the general American stage after doing several years of notable work on the Yiddish stage. In a sketch of him, Heyman Zimel says, "True, his reputation is already secure both among the general public and professional critic but certain of us are not satisfied. We shall not be completely content until we have seen this marvelous young man as Hamlet—as *the* Hamlet, the one complete Hamlet of which other actors have been but the shadow."

¶ It has been revealed that there were among the ancient Jews, artists who worked in hammered metal. Now comes a modern Jewish artist, Paul A. Lobel by name, who has through his work started a revival of this ancient art. Louis Rich tells the story in an article entitled "An Ancient Art Reborn."

¶ "The Sin of Hannah," by Jerome D. Folkman brings before us, with pathos, some unfamiliar phases of the life of the modern Samaritans.

THE
B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE
The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XLII FEBRUARY, 1928 NUMBER 5

Editorial Comment

The Test of Religion in Politics

A NEW phase of religious liberty has made its appearance in the United States. In the century and a half of the country's independence it has been its pride to set itself before the world as a nation in which there is no test of religion for political preferment.

The children in the schools have been told that there are benighted nations in the world in which religions are established and only those who subscribe to their forms may rise to the high places in these lands. But in America, the children were assured, it was different. Here was no established religion and whatever a man's faith, he might aspire to the highest office in the land and be elected, provided his merits justified.

But now we shall see whether America really has meant what it has said these many years, whether a man may aspire to the highest office regardless of his religion and only upon his own merits, whether there is in fact, if not in law, an established religion in the United States.

Indeed, large and organized groups are already seen making demonstrations against an aspirant for the presidency on account of his religion, and in the Senate of the United States a voice arises declaiming against him as unworthy by reason of his religion.

* * *

We hold no brief for this aspirant; our concern is only for religious liberty in America. We want this to continue to be the America which, as we have been assured, recognizes no test of religion, and in which any man of merit may aspire to the chief magistracy of the land.

We are concerned with the fact that it has actually come to pass that a man's eligibility is discussed solely in relation to his religion.

These are strange times in the America that is proud of itself as the exemplar of religious liberty for all the world to behold.

In this month of the birth of Washington and Lincoln, it is the custom of America to go to these fountains of American inspiration and to draw from them lessons of tolerance and religious liberality.

Lincoln is exalted as the religious liberal who felt himself in communion with all men as brethren under one Father; Washington is quoted as the one who in resounding phrases proclaimed the United States a land in which there would be no abridgement of civil rights by reason of religion.

Writing to the Jewish congregation at Newport, R. I., Washington, answering a congratulatory message, said: "The citizens of the United States have a right to applaud themselves for having given to mankind examples of an enlarged and liberal policy. All possess alike liberty of conscience and immunities of citizenship.

"It is now no more that toleration is spoken of as if it were the indulgence of one class of people that another enjoyed the exercise of their inherent rights, for, happily, the Government of the United States which gives to bigotry no factions, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection should demean themselves as good citizens in giving it on all occasions their effectual support."

* * *

Replying to congratulations from the Jewish congregations of Philadelphia, New York, Charleston and Richmond, he wrote in the year 1791:

"The liberality of sentiment toward each other, which marks every political and religious denomination of men in this country, stands unparalleled in the history of nations."

Such was the America Washington conceived; such the ideal Americans have cherished this century and a half.

This magazine is not in the least interested in the fortunes of any candidate and stands altogether aloof from party strife. But as a spokesman for Jewry demanding equal rights and justice for Jews, this magazine must speak for the equal rights of all other religious groups in America. The rights of no group are safe when the rights of any group are infringed upon.

It is the right of any man to run for the highest office in the land without submitting to a test of religion.

There is no established religion in America to say that this or that man is ineligible because of his religion.

It is the sacred duty of Americans jealous of their liberties to scorn all who come to them with pleas, on religious grounds, for or against candidates, whether the candidates be Jews, Catholics, or Protestants.

America which pauses on February 22 to honor the Father of his Country gives only lip-service to this great libertarian if it permits itself to depart from the tradition: "The liberality of sentiment, which marks every political and religious denomination of men in this country, stands unparalleled in the history of nations."

A Roumanian Gives His Body to Jews

THE Jewish Telegraphic Agency reports that Professor Mihail Paschkaunu, a liberal, after his death made a significant gesture for the consideration of his Jew-hating countrymen.

When his will was opened it was seen that it read, in effect, as follows:

"I bequeath my body for dissection by Jewish medical students as a sign that science is the highest truth, and that there is only one religion—the religion of love without discrimination as to creed."

Now it is related, though we do not vouch for it, that when this professor came to the place of eternal abode, he was received with a vast acclaim by the souls of Jews. In the assembly were Jews from all the ages. There was that group of Jews from the time of the Maccabeans who rather than resist on the Sabbath gave up their lives to the soldiers of Antiochus when they were discovered in a prohibited act of worship in a secret synagog. There were Jews from the Inquisition who had died at the stake. There were Jews from Russia killed in pogroms. They numbered thousands.

They made no end of honoring the soul of the professor who was quite embarrassed by their attentions.

"After all," he protested, "I have given only my body."

"Ah," answered the soul of Rabbi Akiba who himself had died at the stake, "consider all the living bodies the Jews have sacrificed for the satisfaction of the hates of their fellow-men. . . ."

"And I have given only a dead body for the love of the Jews," interrupted the professor with sudden understanding.

"Yes," the rabbi answered, "but inasmuch as Jews have given so many living bodies is it not an occasion to be noted by Jews when one dead body is offered them as a token of love?"

* * *

The Birthday of a Giant in Israel

LAST month Nathan Straus was eighty years old and the event was marked by the felicitations of notable men of the nation. What a life this has been! When Nathan Straus still was in his middle years he withdrew from personal affairs and dedicated his life to the service of mankind. His wealth was a trust to be used only in the least for himself.

After the Titanic disaster in which his brother Isidor Straus lost his life, he said: "In this tragedy all creeds were at last united in the brotherhood of death. If one could only hope for a brotherhood of life! Why wait for death to teach us the lesson of human fraternity?"

By this ideal he has governed his years. The way of his life is adorned by the everlasting monuments of his good works. Nathan Straus is already immortal.

The Will of Nathan Barnert

LAST month there died a famous New Jersey Jew—Nathan Barnert, former mayor of Paterson, in whose honor a monument had been erected several years before his death. He left $700,000 of which some $200,000 he bequeathed to Jewish education and to philanthropies, his generosity knowing no creed. He gave to the Jewish hospital and to the hospital of the Catholics. He left $20,000, the income of which is to be distributed among needy Jewish families in Paterson the day before Passover, and he left a similar amount for distribution among needy Gentile families the day before Thanksgiving.

Besides, before every *Rosh Hashonah* there is to be distributed in his name the income of $10,000 among needy Jews, and before New Year's day, each year the income of another $10,000 is to be distributed among needy Gentiles.

We have no quarrel with another New Jersey Jew who gave his $25,000 to atheism; but as a business man he made a very poor investment. Fifty thousand dollars for a negation! To what end? What if his $50,000 succeeded in converting 50,000—at the rate of $1 per atheist—to atheism, so that 50,000 persons said, "There is no God." What of it?

The Divine Intelligence that he denied will continue to function in the universe, and the miracle of the seed-time and the harvest will be seen in due season, despite the 50,000 shouting, "There is no God."

We like Mr. Barnert's will better. And from a business standpoint he was the wiser.

* * *

A Memorial for Israel Zangwill

WE THINK the late Israel Zangwill will live a long time in his literary works. But he made other contributions than his own writings. He felt kin to all creative workers; in him, even at the height of his literary success, there was never that scorn for the talented beginner that is the weakness of many who reach the heights.

Was the young one climbing Parnassus to stand with Zangwill? Zangwill reached down to help him up. He was the gentle critic, showing the young one his faults, praising his merits. Was that one helpless, working in some shop in the day and whipping his weary mind in the night to give forth the art that was in it? Zangwill took from his purse to help him that his eager soul might not be burdened and might give itself wholly to its inspirations.

This is the work of Zangwill that it is desired now to continue, so that this dreamer of the ghetto, standing on the peak of immortality, may still reach down to help the climbers. In his name there is being established a memorial fund of $50,000 to be used for the assistance of Jewish scholars and writers everywhere.

The Marquis of Reading has sent an appeal to American Jews in behalf of the fund.

"This fund would strive to continue his work," he writes, "and, at the same time, create a memorial which would be in accord with the spirit which animated his relations with all creative workers."

Judge Cyrus L. Sulzberger of New York heads the American Committee.

The Continuity of a Jewish Estate

ONE reads that the editorship of the *American Israelite* has been taken by Rabbi Jonah B. Wise, of New York, one of the younger sons of the founder, the late Dr. Isaac M. Wise, who was a major prophet of liberal Judaism in America. To those who know something of the history of the *Israelite* the brief announcement signified that the family of Wise had made arrangements to assure the continuity of a spiritual inheritance that already is 74 years old.

It was in 1854 that Dr. Wise founded the *Israelite* at Cincinnati, "to advance, to enlighten, to improve," that Jews "may learn more of their revered faith, more of the piety of the martyrs . . . and be thus taught to know themselves and to be drawn nearer and nearer in communion with their Creator."

And to these purposes he was faithful all his life and in the early years of Jewry in America, his was of the few resounding voices speaking for justice for the Jew. In the Civil War the *Israelite* came to Lincoln not pleading, but demanding the abrogation of Gen. Grant's order banishing all Jews living within that portion of the South then controlled by Federal armies.

And at other times the *Israelite* was seen fighting courageously against the Bible in the public schools, against the enactment of laws that sought to make public holidays out of purely religious festivals, against a treaty with Russia by which American Jews were deprived of privileges accorded other Americans traveling in Russia, and against many other impositions.

If with one hand Isaac M. Wise guided the Jew on the new and broader way of faith, in the other the *American Israelite* was his sword with which he struck down the injustices that beset his people.

When Dr. Wise died 27 years ago, the editorship of the *Israelite* descended to his son, Leo Wise, who later was joined by another son, Isidor Wise, as managing editor. Now the two sons have arrived at ripe years and Leo Wise has relinquished the pen to his brother, Rabbi Jonah B. Wise, while Isidor Wise continues in his place as managing editor.

Possibly there is no older Jewish family estate in America than the *Israelite*. It never enriched the sons of Isaac M. Wise but they have guarded it and improved it more zealously than other men have kept their inherited lands and money.

* * *

The Wonder of Albert Michelson

HE WAS given the gift of a great mind and the spirit of the artist. He sent his mind into the universe to seek its riddles and discovered the velocity of light and won the Nobel Prize for distinction in physics.

When he rested from these adventures in the universe, he sought the beauty that was about him—the beauty of a hillside or a river, the beauty of the face of a child, the beauty of a starlit sky.

These he painted on canvas until thirty pictures comprise the work of his leisure hours.

The other week Chicago saw an exhibit of the pictures of Albert Abraham Michelson, age 77, whom the world knows as a great scientist and now has discovered to be an artist also.

He is one of the richest of men though, doubtless, his accumulation of money is not large.

The Closing of the Bezalel School

BORIS SCHATZ'S Bezalel School of Art in Jerusalem has been closed for the lack of a few thousand dollars. He might post this notice on the door of his school for the contemplation of the Jewry of the world:

Here was cultivated the art that is of the Jew. We saw here the beauty of the spirit of the Jew, surviving its travails like some everlasting flower growing among rocks, faithful forever to its ideals. And this beauty we cultivated and taught the hand of the Jew to express in marble and with paints and in bronze.

And we saw the hands of Jews creating a new art that was of the quality of the Jew. And once more the Jew, as a Jew, was seen as a creator of beauty for the refreshment of the hearts of men, just as in other times he gave to mankind the poetry of the Psalms and of the Song of Songs and of the sayings of the Prophets.

But evil days came at length upon us and we were without means to continue our work. And we appealed to the Jews of America to give us a mite of their wealth that this expression of the spirit of the Jew might go on. The Jew of America, generous at heart, could understand the hunger of the body of his distant brethren in Europe; but the needs of his own Jewish life, which by our art we sought to refresh, he could not understand.

And so, lacking a few thousand dollars, we have been obliged to close.

* * *

Now Boris Schatz who, for the sake of Jewish art, sacrificed a most comfortable place as court artist for the royal house of Bulgaria and who has lavished all of his personal fortune upon his school, is by letter begging for a mite of the generosity of American Jews that his school may be reopened.

* * *

Shall the Kaddish Be Changed?

SOMEWHERE in the East some one has suggested a new *Kaddish*. The *Kaddish*, he says, does not answer the yearnings of the mourner in his distressful time. It is an exaltation of the glory of God, he says, whereas what man needs most in that time is some answer to his questions, "Why am I afflicted?" and "What is death?" and "May I with a hopeful heart look to another life?"

But he who reads with an understanding heart needs no other word of consolation.

"Extolled and hallowed be the name of God throughout the world which He has created, and which He governs according to His righteous will. Just is He in all His ways, and wise are all His decrees. May His kingdom come, and His will be done in all the earth."

Thus in the hour of his grief the Jew stands before God praising His works—the earth which he has seen in the seed-time and in the harvest giving of His goodness without fail; and the seasons coming and going with a regularity more perfect than any of the wondrous mechanisms of man.

In these works the Jew, praising the glory of God in the *Kaddish*, may find consolation surpassing any speculative philosophy that might be substituted for them. "Praised be the Lord of life, the righteous Judge forevermore."

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Religion—Education

A RATHER stormy affair was the convention of the American Mizrachi recently held in Boston. There was a heated debate on the question of admitting women into the executive committee. And the executive secretary of the group was severely criticised by the Mizrachi *Hazair*, the youth section of the organization.

Much interest was expressed in the report of Rabbi Wolf Gold upon the proposed *Yeshivah* farm which the Mizrachi has undertaken to sponsor in Palestine.

A president was not chosen at the convention. So it remained for the executive committee to elect a new head of the organization at a post-convention session, in the person of Gedaliah Bublick, Editor of the Jewish Daily News.

In the December B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE it was reported that Hermann Struck had come to this country as a member of a Mizrachi Commission. Now we learn that, though Mr. Struck is an active Mizrachist, he came to the United States in a purely private capacity.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago the 92nd Street Y. M. H. A. of New York celebrated the successful culmination of its $1,500,000 campaign for a dormitory building to be erected adjoining the present quarters. On this joyous occasion three giants of the soul in American Israel were awarded honor keys "for meritorious achievement of outstanding service in behalf of the association."

They are Judge Joseph M. Proskauer, President, and Justice Irving Lehman and Felix M. Warburg, former Presidents, of the 92nd Street Y. M. H. A.

* * *

A NEW volume has been added to the Schiff Library of Jewish Classics. This new book, which was issued last month, consists of the text and translation of the treatise *Taanit* of the Babylonian Talmud. It is based upon a careful collation of all existing manuscripts—twenty-one in number—and was edited and translated by the late Professor Henry Malter.

The late Dr. Solomon Schechter selected this tractate for the Jewish Classics series because of its great value as a source for Jewish History, Liturgy and folklore.

A fund created by the late Jacob H. Schiff made possible the series.

* * *

THE civil court is out of jurisdiction in a purely religious matter. So declared Chief Justice Powell of the Cleveland Court of Common Pleas, in closing the celebrated Cleveland Jewish Center Case which has been pending some three years now. The suit was started by some members of the Center who charged that Rabbi Goldman and the board of directors had been deviating from the constitution of the congregation, which provides that it must adhere to the Orthodox ritual so long as ten members insist on it.

Social Welfare

THE blind do not see with outer eyes but they may be enabled to see with their inner eyes. For this high purpose a $2,000,000 Helen Keller Endowment Fund has been established. And, of this, $300,000 has already been raised, largely through Miss Keller's own efforts—the Miss Keller who, though herself blind, deaf and dumb, has astounded the world with her achievements as a scholar and author.

At a recent meeting of the Finance Committee of the American Foundation for the Blind, Felix M. Warburg contributed $50,000 to the fund and announced that John D. Rockefeller, who had already given $50,000 for the same purpose, would consider a further contribution when the fund had reached $500,000.

IN OLDEN days there were seers among the women of Israel. And the same is true today. We do not lack in women with creative vision, who, understanding beforehand the needs of the future, speak of it into the ears and hearts of the people, and prepare them to meet the problems that are to come. Such a woman is Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon whose seventieth birthday was celebrated last month. She is the founder and was the first President of the National Council of Jewish Women, an organization which is playing an ever-increasingly important role in the molding and remolding of the American Judaism of today and tomorrow.

* * *

TO HELP those who aspire to American citizenship, the House of Representatives recently passed a bill amending the Naturalization Law. The adoption of this amendment would permit witnesses to testify by deposition instead of being obliged to appear personally, in cases where the alien in question has resided in more than one place within a state.

* * *

AT ITS recent meeting in Berlin, the Joint Reconstruction Foundation re-elected Colonel Herbert H. Lehman, Vice President. Franz Philipson of Brussels is President.

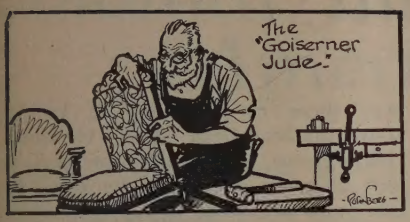
The Foundation was organized in Europe in 1924 to continue the reconstruction work started by the Joint Distribution Committee among the Jews of Eastern Europe. For this purpose $2,250,000 has been appropriated in three years, principally as small loans in thirteen European countries.

* * *

SHOWING once more that his change of heart regarding the Jews is thoroughgoing and sincere, Henry Ford recently called on Louis Marshall in New York. He conferred with Mr. Marshall regarding the liquidation of the remnants of anti-Semitism in Europe which paraded under his name.

In an interview, following Mr. Ford's visit, Mr. Marshall said, "The whole retraction, Mr. Ford told me, had been an immeasurable relief to him, and had lifted a heavy burden from his mind."

Foreign



WE HEAR all too often, alas, of anti-Semitic riots in Eastern and Central Europe. Now comes a report from Austria of an event, which, though a minor occurrence in itself, reveals such profound sentiments of humanity that it revives one's faith in the ultimate brotherhood of man:

The Christian community of Goisern, near Salzburg, Austria, paid tribute to the only Jew in the town at his funeral on January 17th.

Adolph Federmann, who died at the age of 66, was highly respected and admired by his fellow townsmen. He was an upholsterer by trade and was known throughout the district as the "Goiserner Jude."

He was buried in the Christian cemetery. Jewish rites, however, were performed at the burial by a rabbi and a cantor whom the community had brought, from the neighboring town of Linz, for that purpose. Christian priests in their vestments stood respectfully and solemnly at the graveside.

* * *

THE general staff of the Roumanian army has ordered the creation of a special Jewish corps, with the intention of segregating all Jewish soldiers in that corps. This has provoked resentment and protest in the Jewish press of Roumania—the order being denounced as a violation of the constitutional rights of Roumanian Jews.

* * *

IN MUNGACZ, Carpatho-Russia, which is now a part of Czechoslovakia, the authorities refused Jewish leaders permission to hold a protest meeting against the Roumanian anti-Jewish excesses. The reason given for this refusal is that public protests cannot be permitted against a government which is an ally of the Czechoslovakian government.

With this report came another one from the town of Selesz in the same country telling of serious anti-Jewish disturbances. With the cry "Jews and Hungarians must leave the country," bands of hooligans attacked cafes and mistreated many Jewish patrons.

HARDLY a week passes without some indication of Berlin's rise as a center of Jewish life. The latest piece of news of this nature from the German capital is apropos of the issuing, on January 20th, of the first volume of the German edition of the Encyclopedia Judaica. This great work, which has been in preparation for a number of years, is being brought out by the Eshkol publishing house. Leading Jewish scholars are among the contributors.

* * *

IN 1926 no oranges were exported from Palestine to Germany and only 170 cases to France. In 1927, however, 19,179 cases were shipped to Germany and 2,465 to France. There was a notable increase during the past year also in the export of Palestinian oranges to other countries, particularly the United Kingdom. In 1926 that country imported 173,835 cases and in 1927 it increased its demand to 235,748 cases.

This is a reassuring bit of news after all we have been hearing about the economic crisis in Palestine.

* * *

THERE have been several conflicting reports concerning the establishment of a chair in Yiddish at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Now it is announced that a joint meeting of the Palestine Committee and teachers of the Institute of Jewish studies, which is part of the university, has decided to postpone consideration of the chair in Yiddish. It is suggested that there should first be established chairs in Hebrew, the Bible, Jewish History and Jewish Philosophy.

* * *

THE economic condition of the Jews of Poland may or may not be improving, but the traditional optimism and the traditional Jewish love of learning still prevails among them.

Professor Meyer Balaban, Polish-Jewish historian, announced a few weeks ago that a college for higher Jewish learning would soon be opened in Poland. Modern rabbis and teachers of religion in the high schools will be trained in the new college. Doctorate degrees in Philosophy and in Hebrew Literature will be granted.

The B'nai B'rith lodges of Poland will contribute part of the budget, and the Polish government, too, has promised a subsidy.

Miscellaneous

LEOPOLD HILSNER, the victim of one of the most infamous ritual murder cases, died last month at the age of 51. Hilsner was the tragic defendant in the ritual murder trial of Polna, Austria, which stirred all Europe at the beginning of the twentieth century. After serving eighteen years of a life term in prison, he was pardoned by the late Emperor Franz Josef. During the ten years between his release and his death he was befriended and helped by President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia.

Superstitions die hard, and sometimes one despairs of their ever being eradicated at all. Thus only a few weeks ago the age-old ritual murder accusation against Jews reared its hideous head again. This time it was in Schidlewe, a little Lithuanian town.

* * *

IT HAS been announced that Dr. A. Schor, chief rabbi of the Great Synagogue of Warsaw, will succeed the late Dr. Z. P. Chajes to the Chief Rabbinate of Austria.

* * *

AT THE ripe old age of 84 there passed away last month in Chicago, Paul Krass, the father of Dr. Nathan Krass, Rabbi of Temple Emanuel, New York. Peace be unto his soul.

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Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah

I HAVE heard, though where I heard it I do not know, and it may only be something I imagine, but in any event there may be some truth in it: Whereas it is related that Haman was hanged, according to the *Megillah* which is read on Purim, subsequent events support a theory that Esther saved his life.

When Esther disclosed to the king Haman's dastardly plot, the king was incensed, not by reason of any great love for the Jews of which, indeed, he had little, but wholly on account of his Jewish wife, whom, being new, he desired to please.

So with that easy informality common to the kings of his time he bruskly ordered, "Hang him," and with that dispatch, with which kings were then obeyed, the guards made haste to seize Haman and bear him to the gallows.

What more could a devoted husband do than to give her the life of his favorite minister? Certainly, Esther should be pleased with this gift of quick vengeance. The removal of political enemies he himself deemed to be one of the most delightful privileges of kingship.

* * *

WHAT was his astonishment, therefore, when Esther arose and threw herself between the guards and Haman.

"Your majesty," she exclaimed, "to what good is this? Is it not reward enough that the lives of my people have been saved?"

The king, amazed beyond words, regarded her with speechless surprise.

"What is more enjoyable than revenge?" he asked at length. "I confer upon you one of the most exquisite of earthly delights, but you spurn it."

"It is not thus I have been taught," she replied. "Thou hast given me the gift of the life of my people. What will it profit them to have also the head of Haman?"

"Ah," he answered, "I do this for thee, not for thy people. I make thee a gift of the head of Haman, my favorite minister!"

* * *

HAMAN, quite overcome by this, made to reach for her hand in order to kiss it but Esther spurned him with a vast contempt.

"See!" the king exclaimed, "Thou dost despise him and yet dost not want his life."

He recalled with no little relish that all those he despised were removed from the earth in order that their presence might offend him no more.

But Esther answered: "Shall I demean myself to the wickedness of this man by seeking the life of one whom I despise?"

* * *

THE king meditated upon the perverse nature of woman but, being eager to serve Esther's pleasure, he took quick counsel with himself and, though it was a vast humiliation for him, he reversed his order. Throughout his career he had maintained the reputation of infallibility and had never before altered a judgment, however in error he might have been.

"Let him live," he commanded, and in order that it might be believed that his judgment had in reality been executed, he saw to it that Haman was transported to a distant portion of the kingdom where during the lifetime of the king he was not heard of again.

* * *

BUT, it now appears, Esther's act of grace brought sad consequences. Haman, according to the apocryphal report, was embittered by his humiliation, for, from the favorite minister of the king, he had become a hermit in the wilderness of Shushan.

He vowed he would not be denied his vengeance against the Jews, and so compelling was this desire that it kept him alive beyond the years of mortal man.

And from time to time he appeared under various guises to destroy the Jews.

It was some centuries after his humiliating experience that he appeared in Palestine as the king of the Jews, Antiochus Epiphanes, and decreed an end to Jewish worship and slaughtered those who disobeyed him. But after four years of warfare he was defeated by the Maccabees and the temple was restored, and the Jews lived and worshipped.

* * *

IN the centuries that followed he was seen from time to time in various lands, leading persecutions for the destruction of the Jews and though here and there he succeeded in killing Jews, the Jews lived. And a thousand years passed, and his hate was no less but in every generation he came to the same defeat as in the beginning. The Jews lived.

There was that notable time when he appeared in Spain as Torquemada, the Inquisitor General, under most pious auspices.

He drove the Jews from the land, pillaging them; he burned at the stake those Jews who, having accepted Christianity publicly, nevertheless practiced Judaism secretly. He rejoiced in the fires of the *auto da fe.*

Jews died in numbers but the Jews lived.

* * *

IT was a century or two later that Haman was seen in Russia in the guise of a hetman of Cossacks, descending upon Jewish communities and destroying Jews wholesale. There was that dreadful massacre at Tulchin where he drove 1,400 Jews into a grove and when his Cossacks were through with them, there was none alive.

Perhaps from this occasion he derived greater satisfaction than from any of his many attempts to destroy the Jews in the ages that had elapsed since Esther's time; he beheld acres of dead Jews.

But the Jews lived.

* * *

HE remained in Eastern Europe and in the latter years of the 19th century and in the first years of the present one, he appeared as a mob-leader in various cities of Russia, conducting pogroms. The great Haman had been reduced to a hooligan brandishing a club; for to destroy Jews had ceased to be fashionable in official circles as an authorized policy.

Today Haman under the name of Cuza, a little professor, is a citizen of Bucharest, Roumania, where he leads students in throwing stones into the windows of Jewish homes and pulling the beards of Jews.

To such futility Haman has come after ages on the earth in everlasting pursuit of the Jews, seeking to destroy them; but the Jews live.

He is the timeless clown slapping at the eternal.

Colonial Jewry on the Eve of the American Revolution

By Leon Spitz

ASSUREDLY the most interesting chapter of American Jewish history is that which treats of Jewish life on the very eve of the American Revolution, when the Liberty ell at Independence Hall rang out in iblical words the message of the New merica: "And ye shall proclaim berty throughout the earth and unto ll the inhabitants thereof."

It was at this very juncture that a andful of refugees from the *Shearith srael* Congregation, New York City, merica's first Jewish congregation, led y their youthful, native-born rabbi, ershom Mendez Seixas, later a found- and trustee of Columbia College, oined the few Jewish residents of hiladelphia in establishing the first ongregation of Philadelphia under the ame of *Mikveh Israel.* The chairman f the organization meeting was, by a otable coincidence, another exiled ergyman, Isaac da Costa of Charles- n, S. C., aristocratic scion of a noble panish family of *Maranos* or "secret ews."

But we must turn to New York City o get a real idea of the pre-revolu- onary Jewish scene. Prior to the evolution, the Jews of New York ere not, at least, before the law, on footing of political and social equal- y with Christians. However, in prac- ce, they did not seriously suffer from ie disabilities which had their origin Dutch prejudice. The prejudicial rdinances of the Council of Burghers ere not enforced by the liberal-minded ritish governors. Peter Kalm, the wedish traveller and naturalist, wrote 1748: "There are many Jews settled New York who possess great privi- ges. They have a synagogue and omes and great country seats of their wn. They have also several ships hich they freight and send out with eir own goods."

Kalm greatly underestimated the mmercial activity of the New York ewish merchants. They carried on a ast export and import trade with the olonies, West Indies, and European orts. Haymann Levy, an Indian ader, who was "actually worshipped the red man," may be mentioned ith interest as the employer of John Jacob Astor and of Nicholas Low, ancestor of former President Seth Low, of Columbia University. The firm of Gomez and Lucena held foremost rank in the export of wheat, and Samson Simson was another merchant prince and shipowner of the period, whose family played an important part somewhat later in the founding of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

America's first Synagogue, established in New York, has already been mentioned. It had been dedicated in 1730 and was located on Mills Street, which is indicated on Chaplain Miller's map of the city in 1695. Kalm describes a visit to the synagogue in 1748. He tells about the strict observance of the Sabbath by the New York Jews, about the dietary laws, the covered heads at worship, the use of the *tallith,* and the seclusion of the women worshippers. There were even separate entrances and exits for the sexes. The Orthodox (Spanish-Portuguese) ritual prevailed in all the early American Jewish congregations.

The New York rabbinate represented Jewish scholarship of the day. Isaac Pinto, a relative of Rabbi Jeshurun Pinto, the minister of the congregation, deplored that "Hebrew is imperfectly understood by many, by some not at all," and translated into English the prayers for Sabbath, *Rosh Hashonah* and *Yom Kippur.* His work comprised the first Jewish prayer book printed in America. To combat such reform tendencies in the little Jewish community, a religious vigilance society was formed, we learn from the minutes of the congregation.

The patriotism of Colonial Jewry has been praised time and again. The New York Synagogue had just been closed by its rebel rabbi who refused to pray for the welfare of the British garrison. Upon the occupation of the city by Governor Clinton, the majority of the congregation followed the rabbi into exile at Philadelphia.

At Charleston, *Chazan* da Costa scorned the proffered British protection and, bereft of his possessions, fared forth, an aged man, in voluntary exile to Philadelphia which apparently was the Mecca of Colonial refugees. The son of Moses Cohen, the Charleston rabbi, served as captain of a company of volunteers. *Chazan* Isaac Touro, of Newport, father of Judah Touro, who, together with Amos Lawrence, years later, finished the Bunker Hill Monument, fled to Jamaica. The *parnass* or president of the congregation, the aged merchant-prince, Aaron Lopez, lost most of his vessels as war prizes, closed the synagogue and moved with the larger part of his congregation to Leicester, Mass. Mordecai Sheftel, of Savannah, an arch rebel, served as Commissary General of the Southern Department of the Colonial Army and spent most of his time on board British prison ships.

The assertion that a wholly Jewish company of volunteers served the Colonial cause in the South has not as yet been disproved. Haym Salomon of Philadelphia, a recent immigrant from Poland, it has been noted in the Congressional Record, was the right hand man of Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution. He is said to have loaned or contributed to the Continental Government sums totalling $600,000, an immense fortune in those days.

Colonel Isaac Franks, of New York, was Washington's aid de camp and Col. David S. Franks came through the Benedict Arnold episode with an untarnished reputation. Francis Salvador, who had arrived at Savannah only two years prior to the outbreak of hostilities, espoused the cause of American Independence, served in the Provisional State Assembly and died on the battlefield.

There were five Jewish congregations all told in Revolutionary America, and their presidents joined in extending a gratulatory address to George Washington on the occasion of his election as chief magistrate of the young republic.

From these early beginnings, a mere handful of some 3,000 souls, American Jewry has grown more than a thousand-fold within the past one hundred and fifty years of American independence. It has flourished exceedingly well and today represents the largest, most prosperous and most influential Jewish community in the world's history. In war and in peace it has proved its unimpeachable loyalty.

London's Ghetto

By E. David Goitein

Illustrated by Saul Raskin

WE ARE proud of it.

At least, we are not ashamed of it.

Zangwill was one of its sons. Within sound of its bells an Indian Viceroy of the Jewish persuasion saw the light. . .

I write as if there were only one ghetto in London. That is quite fantastic. There is a millionaire's ghetto in Hampstead. There is a German ghetto in the North of London where the humorists have nicknamed Highbury New Park—*Highbury Jew Park.* There is a ghetto back of Soho. We are rich in ghettos. But the ghetto with which this little sketch deals is that which radiates from Middlesex Street, London's "East End"—the ghetto which Zangwill caricatured in "The Children of the Ghetto."

London had a ghetto in the twelfth century. Walking through the wealthiest part of the city you will suddenly come across a turning with the mysterious words "Old Jewry." It's scarcely believable that eight centuries ago our people were pottering about, trafficking and chaffering, scarcely a mile away from where they congregate today. London has changed mightily since then. Has the Jew?

The ghetto of today has a continuous history of close on three hundred years. In the middle of the seventeenth century Jews were re-admitted into England. They lived in and around Creechurch Lane. Look at the names on the doors thereabouts today. Jewish names. The treasurer of the London Lodge of the I. O. B. B. has his place of business a stone's-throw away from Creechurch Lane where Jews were living in 1656. The Bevis Marks synagogue, England's oldest, on the borders of the ghetto, has continuous records of our *Sephardic* Jews for almost the whole period since Jews returned. Nearby is the parvenu *Ashkenasi,* "Great Synagogue," which is packed on Atonement Day with ghetto crowds.

Every good Christian makes at least one pilgrimage, during his lifetime, to Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning. A noted modern musician has made the "Lane" on Sunday morning one of the movements in his "About the Town." Jewish and Gentile visitors from America and the Continent condescend to spend an hour or so in the Lane, however short their visit to London may be. But Petticoat Lane, which is the affectionate name for Middlesex Street, although in the heart of the ghetto, is not our ghetto. He who pays a morning visit and comes home thinking he has seen London's ghetto is living in a fool's paradise. The sooner the angel with a fiery sword drives him from it the better.

There are two totally distinct types of Jews in Aldgate. There is the English type—descendants of those who have been in England a century and more. There is the Russian type, made up of first, second and third generation Jews. The English East-ender is a stoutish man with a florid face, a peculiarly prominent nose, a gloriously cockney accent, a loud and hearty manner, amazingly good-natured and dangerously speculative. The Russian type (I use the word Russian. East European, would be more accurate.) is also recognizable. He is short and thin—pale-faced, often, and emaciated. He speaks either a foreign accent or with Yiddishisms punctuating his scarce cockney brogue. He is less gay tha his English neighbor. He always ir agines himself on the edge of precipice and looks accordingly. H is nervous, frightened. Perhaps p grom memories haunt him. He deferential. Takes off his cap a bows very low. And he reads Yiddish newspaper.

Never mind Petticoat Lane. Con with me to the house of Barney Sol mons. Straightforward Bible nam has your English East-ender. No of your highfalutin' Anglo-Saxo names. The name Barney is e tremely popular.

"Come in! Come in! Now do s down—no ceremony. We're alwa pleased to see you. We're all we thank God. Mirry'll be here in moment. And 'ow's yerself? 'Ow business? Of course, I'd forgotten your's is a per-fession. My father God rest 'is soul—used to say . . but 'ere's Mirry."

Then Mirry bursts into a spee of welcome. "Why if it aient, M Goitein—and he aient so much as p in an appearance since *Pisach*—a look at me, all covered with flour what don't I look like—I've been su a *shlemazzle.* . . ."

There follows a long and comp cated story, only broken because is necessary to supply a guest wi great chunks of food whatever ti of the day or night he may care drop in.

"I'll just go and get yer a cup tea. Here's me talkin' and you l tenin' and nothing passing yo lips. . . ."

"I've only just had tea."

"Course you have. But there's al-ays room for another. Ask Barney."

Miriam out of the room, Barney alks business. He is always hoping o turn a hundred pounds into a thou-and and will invest in the wildest at schemes that any charlatan paints rightly enough.

"Now tell me," says Barney drop-ing his voice to a whisper. "What o you think of these Hypersensitised ron Plates shares? As for meself I hink they are first-class. Mind you. . . Then there's the Bulldog Biscuit nd Cream Cracker Company. Their hares has been goin' up. . . ."

Unfortunately Barney asks every-ne's advice about his investments nd takes the advice of no one. Mirry omes back with a tray laden with all he divine *manna* of the East End—tuffed monkeys, *bolas*. . . . I have asted Jewish cookery in most of the apitals of Europe and in some of hose of the East, but I can tell you hat East London's Jewish cakes are ot to be matched from the rising to he setting of the sun. (In parenthe-is I may add, that I took my friend, Miram Kone of New York, to our hetto and all the morning he had in-isted on the fact that *his* East Side as more interesting than *my* East nd, which annoyed me immensely, un-il I took him to Barney Solomons, hose good wife made him eat stuffed onkeys. Then he drew his breath nd admitted out of the fullness of his eart that he had never tasted the ke of them anywhere.) Mirry is a iracle. She makes the cakes her other made, who learned how to ake them from her grandmother, who arned from her great-grandmother, ho probably lived somewhere in Ger-an Poland round about 1740. All e sweetness of a hundred years are those cakes. You must eat and t and eat.

"But, God bless your soul, you have ly tasted—you haven't eaten any-ing. My poor mother—God rest her -said that you could eat as many of em cakes as you liked without get-n' ill. She was right too. You re-ember my old ma, Mr. Goitein? She as a darlin'. Don't you recollect now e. . . ."

The atmosphere of the other sector East End Jewish life—of the ussian Jew—is totally different. ome with me to the rooms of Chayim andlovski (his son's name is in the lephone directory as Sandlov. His randson's name is there as Sandow. nd the 'Christian' name of the randson of Mr. Sandlovski is Peter.) His rooms are on the third floor of a rather dingy house. He is a round-shouldered man, very thin, with a flat nose and weak eyes. His room has no cheap china ornaments as Barney's has. No bright-coloured prints on a bright-papered wall as has Barney. Hanging sideways, as if it wanted to fall, is a dusty grey *Kabbalistic* picture with all kinds of Hebrew verses written upside down or side-ways or cross-wise. On the mantel-shelf is a large assortment of papers, receipts, bills, notes, memoranda, letters, used envelopes, paper bags.

"It is a great honor that you should come and see me. My wife, I am sorry to say, is not so very well."

"You Can't Stop Here."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"The doctor was here yesterday. There is always trouble in the world. And we Jews get our share of it. . . . Business is so bad. It is impossible to make a living. Things is not what they used to be."

In spite of her illness Mrs. Sandlovski puts in an appearance. She too is full of woe.

"The children, they don't care that much for the parents. Yankel comes to see us once a week and he thinks he is doing a great *mitzvah*. Now in my country when a son didn't come to visit his parents at least three times a week—what for a kind of son was he, hah? And as for Peter" (this name with the greatest contempt) "he sends his old grandmother a card on *Rushashooner*. . . ."

Mr. Sandlovski is learned and argumentative, very different from Barney who reads nothing and thinks as little as possible. You will not have been sitting long with Chayim Sandlovski before you will find him solving the Jewish question for you.

"Take Zionism. What does the Englishman understood from Zionism? He does not know what *Yiddishkeit* is. He hasn't the heart from Jews. He goes to the English *shool*, once, p'raps twice a year and eats *chazzer* for the rest of it. Now in *my* country. . . ."

There is this to be said. The Russian type of Jew is far more ambitious than his English neighbor. He is always trying to get on, to reach the dizzy heights of Hampstead. He is more of a bird of passage in our ghetto. The English Jew is born and dies within sound of Aldgate Pump, the other hears the Pump at his *Bar Mitzvah* but is buried at Willesden!

London's ghetto has some sort of culture which the other sectors of London Jewry do not enjoy. For the most part the other Jews of London are merely imitative. They ape their Christian neighbors with more or less success. The result, of course, is that they are not creative. Creative activity demands originality and originality is out of place when you are trying to be as much like your mediocre neighbors as you can be. If, therefore, the other parts of English Jewry have nothing to show for themselves, there is nothing to wonder at. If they are gradually becoming assimilated and so dying out as Jews, it is what the sociologist would expect. East End Jewry expresses itself in its Yiddish press. Morris Myer is the ingenious editor of the two dailies—morning and evening—on which the ghetto is fed. There is soon to appear a Yiddish weekly, "The Jewish Mirror." Till this year our ghetto supported its own theatre. Surprisingly enough its repertoire of Yiddish plays was drawn entirely from Eastern Europe and the United States. London's ghetto itself produced not one play. The only Englishman that appeared with success at the Pavilion was Mr. William Shakespeare. Even he was not translated by a Londoner.

There are more synagogues than cinemas in the East End and a large assortment of *Talmud Torahs*. The main one, ironically enough, meets in Christian Street! There is also a Jewish Court *(Beth Din)* which deals with thousands of cases every year and so saves many unseemly squabbles from entering the courts. The policemen hereabouts speak Yiddish and large Yiddish notices remind the passerby that English is not the only language spoken in England. Here is a typical conversation.

Policeman (to a man with a fruit barrow, in Yiddish): "You can't stop here. You know you can't, move on."

The Jew (shrugging his shoulders and answering in English): "What for was I stopping? Was it I have a pleasure from stopping?"

Policeman (in English): "No arguments. Move on, I say."

The Jew (in English, as before): "It's *Erev Yomtov*. If I stand here and sell a few apples, what harm will it do, ha?"

Policeman: "You can't stand here."

The Jew (persistent): "But tomorrow is *Yomtov*."

Policeman (hurt): "Don't I know tomorrow is *Yomtov*, you *goy?*"

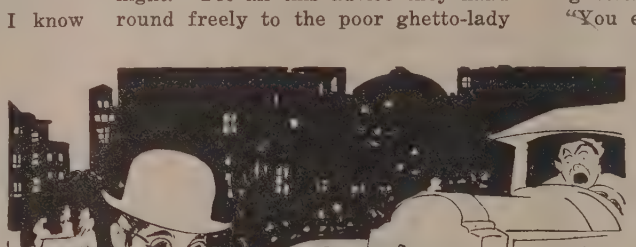
The Jew: "Then what for a wrong do I do, if I sell a few apples here for *Yomtov*, ha?"

Policeman (relenting): "You can't stop here, but you can stand on the other side of the road."

The Jew (this time in Yiddish): "*A guter Yomtov und a guter yohr.*"

Policeman (ferociously, still in Yiddish): "Will you get a move on?"

There is one sad and tragic aspect of London's ghetto. It will probably never be remedied. The Jews of the West End—that is to say the Jews of the millionaire ghettos—believe or imagine that the ghetto Jew is a kind of *lusus naturae*, an animal so wild and unpleasant that he needs taming by whatever gentle arts these West Enders command. Not seeing the beam in their own eyes they see the mote in the eyes of the ghetto-Jews. Instead of cleaning out their own stables, they go muck-raking in the East End. One carries religion into the heart of ghetto-land. A pseudo-Judaism born of the camouflaged Christianity of the West End. Another carries discipline and physical culture to the youth of East End Jewry. An attempt at imitating the Church Lads Brigade! By means of straightjacket discipline the individualist is to have his individualism crushed out of him, the genius is to have his madness scotched and he is to become respectably third-rate. Another brings to our ghetto a class of harpies masquerading as social-workers. These are wealthy ladies with nothing to do but with a thoroughly inquisitive desire to know the ins and outs of other people's lives. They visit the poor Jews and ask them questions—questions innumerable. What they do with the answers, no one knows. They are there to give advice. And they give it—unasked. And free. Not one of these ladies would think of breaking into their neighbors' houses, asking how much their husbands earn, how much do they give their wives. Nor would they, unasked, advise what school their children should go to, what business the children should enter, what soap should be used to wash with, and how the windows should be left open at night. Yet all this advice they hand round freely to the poor ghetto-lady who has brought up twelve strapping children in her day! If it be asked why does the ghetto-Jew stand this army of impertinent *Jewillionaires*, the answer is simple. For the same reason that the penniless Jew goes to the conversionist. He is given free certain things he could not otherwise afford. Club rooms, games, dances. . . .



We Were Very Nearly Run Over.

I had been lecturing one night in our ghetto and was walking to the station along Whitechapel Road when a young man came up to me and said:

"You will excuse me?"

"Certainly. What can I. . . ?"

"I have been listening to your lecture."

"You have my sympathy," said I, facetiously.

"It was not a bad lecture," he replied seriously. "In fact I could not have given so good a lecture myself. What I wanted to ask you was this. You seem to have studied London Jewry objectively."

"I know something of my people in. . . ." I ventured humbly.

"I am glad to hear you say 'm people.' Now we shall understan each other better."

"Good."

"This is my problem. So long a we live together here we remain Jew There are a hundred ties which dra us to our people. As soon as we ar unfortunate enough to get rich—an we have an unhappy knack of accumu lating wealth—we move West, awa from Jews and 'Jewishry.' What be comes of us. . . ."

"One moment," said I, "You mus not think that rich Jews do not liv in ghettos. They do."

"You enjoy paradoxes. You kno as well as I do that you rich Jew's son who goes t Harrow is not as Jewis as I am who went to th Jews' Free School."

"Perhaps not," I admi ted.

"Exactly. Well, the we leave the East End an with it we leave our Jew ishness. No new Jew come into the country. Ho are we to preserve Angl Jewry from dry-rot, decay Now in my opinion. . .

"Why the blank-blan don't you look where yo are blankwell goin'?" crie an angry auto-driver front of whose car we ha stopped unwittingly. "A you blank-blank drunk?"

"No, we are solving th Jewish problem," I said.

We were very nearly run over.

Communication

Another Use for Our Manua

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

Sir:

Your editorial concerning the use the B'nai B'rith Manual as a text-bo in confirmation classes was interestin My colleagues may be interested know that I have been reading sele tions from the B'nai B'rith Manu every Friday evening to my congreg tion. These readings have been ve well received and a number of tho who attend our services have made fa orable comment upon the inspirati and instruction that they obtain fro these selections of the B'nai B'ri Manual.

MORRIS TELLER,
Rabbi, Cong. Beth Jacob-B'nai Bezal Anshe Mizrach, Chicago.

The Efficiency of the American Synagogue

By Samuel S. Cohon

This is the third of a series of articles by Professor Cohon on the American Synagogue. —Editor.

THE cult of efficiency, enjoying such great popularity throughout the country, does not fail to receive homage from a good many leaders of the American synagogue. Both lay and rabbinical leaders sometimes apply the same standards of efficiency to the synagogue as to the department store or factory, straining after success that can be translated in terms of imposing statistics: "Do the returns justify the investment? How large is the income? How many thousands attended the plant during the month? How many thousand children sat in the school benches? How many thousand young folks danced at the center hall or swam in the pool of the temple gymnasium? Etc., etc. Has the synagogue grown to be the largest in point of numbers, wealth, and prominence? Do the wheels of its machinery revolve with ease? By pressing one of its countless electric buttons, can one get all that his heart desires, from a well prepared dinner from the temple kitchen to a jazz concert given by the temple orchestra?"

These votaries of the cult of efficiency worship nothing more wholeheartedly than magnitude and quantity. What they desire most is bigger, richer and noisier institutions. They may have cause to pride themselves upon the multiform activities which they have brought into the synagogue. But their loud claims poorly harmonize with the historic ideal of the synagogue, engraven in letters of fire upon its very heart: "Not by might nor by power but by My spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Certain it is that through the two thousand and more years of its existence, the synagogue drew its strength neither from the large number of its adherents nor from external pomp and wealth. It has derived its strength exclusively from the spirit of truth, of goodness and of holiness to which it is dedicated. The poet has correctly spoken of the synagogue as *Machaveh ruach eisen, miklot am elom* "the hiding place of a mighty spirit, the refuge of the Eternal People." Through stormy centuries the synagogue has been our bulwark, because it has sheltered the perpetual lamp of religious idealism and has fostered within our people the virtues which rendered them immune to persecution and suffering.

Is the American synagogue efficient in this higher, spiritual sense? Does it endow our people with vision and moral power? Does it continue to function as a reservoir of Jewish loyalty and self-respect? In the end it is this question alone that matters. If the spirit of God is alive in the synagogue, we can look hopefully to the future. But if the spirit of faith has departed or is permitted to depart, of what avail are the crowded temple gymnasiums, billiard rooms, swimming pools and even lecture halls? To be specific, the synagogue has always functioned in a three-fold capacity, as a *bes hakknesses*—house of assembly, a *bes hammidrash*—house of learning, and a *bes tefilloh*—house of prayer. Are our American synagogues—Reform, Conservative and Orthodox—true centers of Jewish life? Are they still homes of Jewish learning and of prayer?

As a house of assembly, the synagogue has, in recent years, come into renewed prominence. It has replaced the social settlements, which ministered with considerable success to the immigrant population of our big cities in pre-war days; and it is vying with the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. in attracting the young. Unlike the parish houses of our Protestant neighbors, our temple centers are not devoted to religious purposes exclusively. They avowedly seek to minister also to the social and cultural needs of our people. They bear effective testimony to the fact that we are not a mere religious denomination, but a distinctive people, with social and cultural needs of our own. Within the past few years a good many congregations of our country have erected special buildings to house these social activities. Some of these centers, managed by competent professional executives, have reached high standards of usefulness. They offer to young and old meeting places for communal endeavor, for social entertainment, musicals, dramatics, concerts, lectures, etc.

Affording, as they undoubtedly do, our people the opportunity for self-expression, they serve a worthy purpose. However, do they carry out the main purpose for which they are founded? Are they effective in deepening and strengthening the Jewish consciousness? One such institution, for instance, boasts of the fact that its activities are participated in by non-Jews as well as by Jews. It would be instructive to learn what complications result from this liberal policy. Do mixed marriages result from such mingling of non-Jewish with Jewish young folks? And if so, has the center helped to consolidate the Jewish ranks? Is any serious effort made to familiarize our own people with the work of Jewish painters, sculptors and musicians? Plays are usually staged at the centers. Are works of Jewish character produced? If only general dramas are given, is the center helping to deepen the interest of our people in Jewish artistic creations? Is it functioning properly by competing with the general vaudeville houses or theaters? Courses of lectures are arranged at the centers. Are the subjects chosen with the view of familiarizing the hearers with the problems of Jewish life? And are Jewish writers and scholars given the opportunity of presenting the subjects to which they devote their lives before our people? Are we, then, in this sceptical age, relying upon the miracle that presentations of Chinese politics, Japanese art, Hindu mysticism and French literature, will stimulate the Jewish consciousness of our people?

Thoughtful Jews are no less perturbed over the educational function of the synagogue. In the past, the synagogue served as a house of learning for people of all ages. It is this feature that gave the synagogue its charm and uniqueness. There men spent their free hours in study of the *Torah* and

gathered new strength for their daily tasks and new courage for the continuous sanctification of the Divine Name. Our distinguished poet Bialik has faithfully depicted for us this phase of synagogue life, as it still exists in some of the Old European Jewries:

"And shouldst thou wish to know the source
From which thy tortured brethren drew
In evil days their strength of soul
To meet their doom, stretch out their necks
To each uplifted axe,
In flames, on stakes to die with joy,
And with a whisper 'God is One'
To close their lips?

"And shouldst thou wish to find the spring
From which thy banished brethren drew,
Midst fear of death and fear of life,
Their comfort, courage, patience, trust,
And iron will to bear their yoke,
To live bespattered and despised,
And suffer to no end?

"And shouldst thou wish to see the fort
Wherein thy fathers refuge sought,
And all their treasures hid,
The refuge that has still preserved
Thy nation's soul intact and pure,
And when despised, and scorned, and scoffed,
Their faith they did not shame?

"Then enter thou the House of God,
The House of Study, old and grey
Throughout the sultry summer days,
Throughout the gloomy winter nights,
At morning, midday, or at eve;
Perchance there is a remnant yet,
Perchance thy eye may still behold
In some dark corner hid from view,
A cast-off shadow of the past,
The profile of some pallid face,
Upon an ancient folio bent,
Who seeks to drown unspoken woes
In the talmudic boundless waves;
And thou hast touched the sacred ground
Of thy great nation's House of Life,
And that thy eyes do gaze upon
The treasure of thy nation's soul.

"And know that this is but a spark
That by a miracle escaped
Of that bright light, that sacred flame,
Thy forebears kindled long ago
On altars high and pure."*

How much of this spirit of devotion to study lives in our American synagogues? What efforts are made to lead our people to the fountains of religious knowledge? Our Reform temples endeavor to give the children a modicum of Jewish information and inspiration once or twice a week. Most of the Conservative synagogues follow a somewhat similar program. The Orthodox synagogues generally fail to do even that much. They leave the education of the boys to private teachers and *Talmud Torahs*, thus reaching but a small number of children, whose education in most cases stops with *Bar Mitzvah*, and consists at best in a mechanical reading of Hebrew and in the performance of a few ceremonies. The girls of Orthodox homes receive still less training in Judaism. While laudable attempts are being made by Jewish educators to deepen the content of instruction, they have thus far met with scanty results. The adults of all three wings of American Jewry, with but few exceptions in each community, engage in no study of *Torah* either in their homes or at the synagogues. The Bible, the Talmud, mediaeval and modern Hebrew poetry, philosophy, history, etc., are sealed with seven seals to most of our people. Few men and women read books of Jewish interest, and few really understand the currents of Jewish thought. Are we then to conclude that the glorious tradition of love of sacred learning is vanishing from the children of the People of the Book? And the melancholy thought arises: while our people have outlived oppression and hatred, will they also outlive ignorance?

Neither can we be too optimistic concerning present condition of the American synagogue as a house of prayer. *Wie es sich christelt so es sich juedelt.* The general apathy to prayer in the Christian world has affected our people as well. They have lost the joy of worship which brings strength and peace of soul. Hence the anomalous phenomenon of synagogues—Orthodox and Conservative as well as Reform—open for worship but once a week. A good many Reform synagogues are entirely closed during the summer months. The services, too, lack spontaneity and joy. In many instances the cantor or rabbi reads the prayers and the choir sings the responses, while the congregation remains passive throughout. When the symptoms of indifference began to show themselves
Western Europe, about a century ag
steps were taken to remove the di
turbing conditions of congregation
worship. The service was remodelle
The decorum was greatly improve
Instrumental music and mixed choi
were introduced. The prayer book w
revised and brought into closer tou
with the cultural and intellectual li
of our people. However, while t
worship of the synagogue has beco
more satisfying to the thinking Je
can it be claimed that it has increas
the prayerfulness of the masses? I
has checked the indifference of peo
here and there, but has it cured t
evil? It has eradicated some unpleasa
symptoms, but has not attacked t
causes of the disease. The empty hous
of worship in almost every city of t
land—save where a very gifted cant
or preacher holds forth—show ho
little they truly function as houses
prayer for our Reform, Conservati
and Orthodox brethren alike.

No graver problem confronts t
American synagogue today than th
loss of much of its appeal as a hou
of prayer. And no greater conce
faces our people than how to remed
this threatening condition. Witho
prayer men cannot lead a spiritual lif
And should ever the fatal hour arri
when the last word of prayer will d
away in our synagogues, that fat
hour will also mark the end of o
existence as a distinctive people, a
the glorious record of Jewish marty
dom will end in shame.

But because we believe that the Je
ish heart is sound, we are cheerf
about the future of our people and
the synagogue. The spark of Jewi
devotion which now burns in the hear
of the few must be fanned into a gre
flame. We must bend all our effor
upon the new reformation, a reform
tion not so much of existing instit
tions or modes of worship, as of t
heart of the individual Jew. We mu
find ways and means of reawakenin
each Jewish soul to its spiritual nee
and obligations. In this campaign
re-awakening the slumbering Jew, t
synagogue must play the leading rol
But as in the past so in this age i
motto must continue to be: "Not b
might nor by power, but by My spiri
saith the Lord of hosts."

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*From *Songs of a Wanderer*. Translated by Phil
M. Raskin.

Nicolas Evreinoff

By Heyman Zimel

NICOLAS EVREINOFF, the unique Russian playright and director, has long been an opponent of realism. He has jeered at it in no uncertain terms. "The world is here," ys the German modernist, Edschmid, t is superfluous to repeat it," and vreinoff agrees with him. It is chareteristic of Evreinoff to dispose of anislavsky's ultra-naturalistic proactions as being still "far too conventonal and theatrical." According to vreinoff the drama should not be a ere reproduction of life. It should be ather an escape from reality, a surender to one's illusions. It should be e result of what he calls "the instinct transformation, the will to the theae," which is inherent in the nature of an.

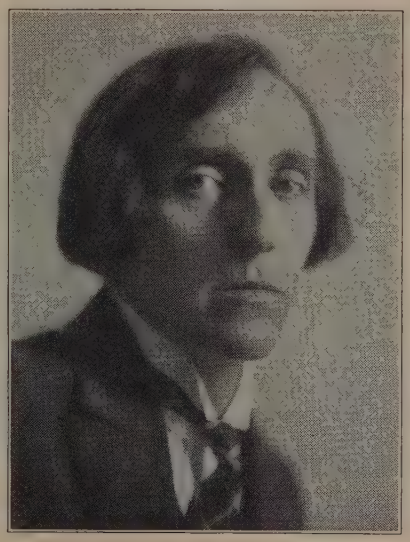
Evreinoff was born of Jewish parts in Moscow in 1879. He graduated om a law school with honors, but the gal profession proved foreign to his rtist nature. Accordingly he took up e study of music and had as one of s teachers the famous Russian comser, Rimsky-Korsakoff. He has been teacher, composer and a performing usician. Also he has gone in for inting and has done some futuristic eces in that art. Moreover, he has ritten a book on the history of corral punishment in Russia.

In 1908, however, Evreinoff took eierhold's place as head of the Komisrzhevskaya Theater—in the threeld role of director, playwright and eorist. In 1909 he published a book tting forth his conception of monoama and in 1915 another book, "The heater for One's Self," in which he omulgated his doctrines of the drama d the stage.

The monodrama, as conceived by vreinoff, is an attempt to bring about intimate psychological fusion of the tor and spectator. It aims, indeed, do away entirely with the audience onlookers and to make each spectar an integral part, spiritually, of the ay being performed.

"The task of monodrama is to carry e spectator to the very stage so that will feel that he is himself an actor." such a drama there is room for only e important character; that is why it called monodrama. The spectator ts himself *en rapport* with the protagonist and all the other characters are seen through the eyes of the one important character. The spectator sees what the protagonist sees; experiences what he experiences; feels what he feels.

"Monodrama moves every spectator to put himself into the situation of the acting character and to live his life, that is, to feel as he does, and, under the spell of illusion, to think as he does.



Theatre Guild

The cornerstone of monodrama is the 'living experience' of the acting character on the stage drawing the spectator into the self-same experience, so that actor and spectator are fused into one being, so to speak, by means of this 'co-ordinate living experience.'"

* * * * *

It is hard to believe that the author of so delightful a comedy as Evreinoff's "The Merry Death," tinged throughout with moving eloquence and beauty, and saturated with wit and good-humor, is a Russian—a countryman of Dostoievski and Andreyev. Evreinoff makes of three conventional puppets—Pierrot, Harlequin and Columbine—living, pulsating, significant human beings. Dr. Isaac Goldberg says of them, "They are living modernists, making for once, out of the banal eternal triangle a conception of life as a brave adventure not to be taken too seriously, yet to be lived up to the hilt."

Evreinoff is a spiritual descendant of Chekov. He is full of the milk of human kindness. He belongs to the category of writers who, uncertain whether to weep or laugh at the Protean spectacle of human life, adopt an attitude of aloof, good humored, urbane sympathy for their fellow beings.

Life is not something innately serious; at its best it is indifferent. Let us then laugh at it. And if life is irksome, then escape from it. Escape, however, not by suicide but by illusion. Evreinoff's whole theory of the theater is based on this philosophy. His cult is illusion. He advocates the judicious life-lie. He agrees implicitly with Ibsen's Dr. Relling and maintains that "since we are unable to give happiness to the unfortunate, we must at least give them the illusion of happiness." This idea is developed by Evreinoff in "The Chief Thing," a play which was recently presented by the Theater Guild in New York.

Evreinoff has nothing to do with either tragedy or dignity. He is never solemn. One can never tell whether he is merely joshing or is really sincere. He always writes with his tongue in his cheek, even when he is most profound. And if he does not attempt to rid the world of its multifarious sorrows, he at least makes us forget ourselves through the humor and beauty which he creates.

As for the feasibility and effectiveness of Evreinoff's theory of the drama, so far the adoption of it has fallen short of the expectations of its propagator. Monodrama has not replaced realism on the stage. Indeed Evreinoff himself has abandoned it and done his best work outside its limits. This, however, does not alter the fact that this jack-of-all-trades has given a new form of expression to Russian drama and literature. He has proved that Russian literature need not always be sombre and gloomy. He has produced, in "The Merry Death," perhaps the finest of Russian comedies. He belongs with the other creative innovators in modern drama whose work, though being transcended, will yet be proven to have laid the foundation for the new drama which is bound to come and have prepared the way for the emergence of a new giant of the theater—the first one since Ibsen.

Illustrated by Saul Raskin

By Tupper Greenwald

FROM Lidvonovo to Marienpol was a distance of five miles and he had walked it in a little less than two hours. All the way the sun had hung high, throwing down a light so intense and so heavy that it had been hard to realize that it made no sound. The road had been soft despite the heat. Under its glittering rind of dust and pebbles there had lain a queer stickiness. Noiselessly the ground had sucked at his feet, granting them motion in a rhythmic protest of upflung and falling dust that had seemed endless because it was so silent, and he felt now that he had been afoot for days. Yet his watch said the time was only three o'clock; at one he had bid his father goodbye. In the shade of a tree he wound the watch with his right forefinger and thumb, gazing at the veins in each, aware that they forked from a larger vessel running back past his wrist towards his elbow, thickly blue under white, soft skin. He returned the watch to his vest—it seemed to be ticking faster now—and lodged his right hand deep in a trouser-pocket as if to thrust it out of sight.

In a little while he would board a *carretka* for Kovno on a journey stretching over all the hours and all the minutes in the hours between now and tomorrow morning. He was hoping there would be no soldiers among the passengers, but of course this hope was thin. Russian Poland was a country of soldiers. He had left soldiers at his father's inn in Lidvonovo—he was finding soldiers here at Marienpol. A group of them were dawdling on brass-bound kegs in front of a tavern thirty feet or so ahead. He saw the ubiquitous white blouse turning gray, and the loose, rumpled blue trousers that sagged in the crotch, and the grimy knee-high boots, down-at-the-heel, foul. The faces were muddy brown blotches in the sun. A hundred feet beyond, on the left, stood the *carretka*, near a second tavern. He would stop there for drink and rest.

He sidled out of the shade thrown by the houses at his right and stepped into the street. The sun-charged air pressed against him like a mouth, opposing its breath to his. When he gained the warped, boarded walk on the other side of the street, he was limp, his feet burning from contact with the hot, cobblestones, his pulse jolting piston-like in his head.

He halted in front of the tavern and stared. The interior was a quivering blackness after the glare of the street. Eyes blinking, he walked in and edged uncertainly to the bar. He drew out a coin that had grown moist against his palm. It made a loud noise as it left his fingers and settled on the dark wood of the bar.

"Ale."

A brown hand scooped up the coin and another set a mug before him. He began to see better. The mug stood in a small pool of liquid. He watched it spreading over and staining the wood. He couldn't drink now.

"What's the matter?" a voice called.

He strode towards the door, brushing past two tall soldiers who were entering. He was aware of eyes turned on him, glances striking his neck with the impact of darts.

In the tavern he had meant to transfer the hundred *roubles* he was carrying in a breast-pocket to his shoes. Perhaps he could do it inside the *carretka* when no one was looking. He walked towards it.

A half hour later the *carretka* had not yet started. The horses stood fretting in the sun. Sweat flashed on their gray flanks; their hides twitched and their heads jerked and tossed away from the flies, whose buzzing all but smothered the plaintive jingle of harness. From the interior of the *carretka* he saw the driver squatting on the step, waiting, apparently, for more fares. The driver's breathing could be heard in the exhausted silence, and a recurrent bronchical rumble as he cleared his throat and spat, not in irritation, but in token of patience. With one passenger in a *carretka* built for six and that passenger a Jew a wise driver waits. Either more passengers must turn up or—eventually—more money from the Jew. His Jews were always in a hurry, as if something were chasing them, and the pursuit—or whatever it was—often thrust like a knife against their purses. He was sure that *roubles* would roll out of this young Jew if he made him wait. So pale and so restless a Jew he had not seen in a long time. He could hear his white fingers drumming on the window-frame. The Jew was well-dressed too, though the coat did not fit—too much cloth for the narrow shoulders; the lapels bulged upward and outward from the flat chest, hiding half the Jew's face and a good deal of his nose. He spat. . . . Later, when the lake of spittle was large, he busied himself pouring handfuls of sand on it. He let the sand dribble down slowly. . . .

"How much did you say you wanted?"

"What I told you—six *roubles*. I'm losing five fares if I don't wait."

"All right," he agreed, and leaning back, spread out his arms with palms flat on the frayed cushions as braces against the first onward lurch of the *carretka*.

It came. His legs heaved and danced crazily as the floor buffeted his heels. After a moment he got control of them and pushed them out rod-like against the edge of the seats that faced him. A breeze whipped in through the window. He felt the long stiff wallet in his breast-pocket jiggling. Suddenly it thrust up into his arm-pit and stuck there snugly, its lower end wedged between two ribs. He sighed. The money would be safe where it was—there were no other passengers. Still

some might get on later, for the road to Kovno was a peopled highway. He should have hidden the money in his shoes. The scrutiny of the driver had prevented him from doing it earlier and now there was the wild, jarring motion of the *carretka* holding him rigid. He should have hidden the money on leaving the tavern. It would have been simple; a short walk into the woods close by . . . a matter of minutes, five at the most . . . no one would have seen. . . . But when he had stepped out of the tavern into the fierce sun, his neck stinging from the stares of the soldiers, the nearness of the *carretka* had leaped upon his senses and pulled like a wave rearing above a heavy undertow.

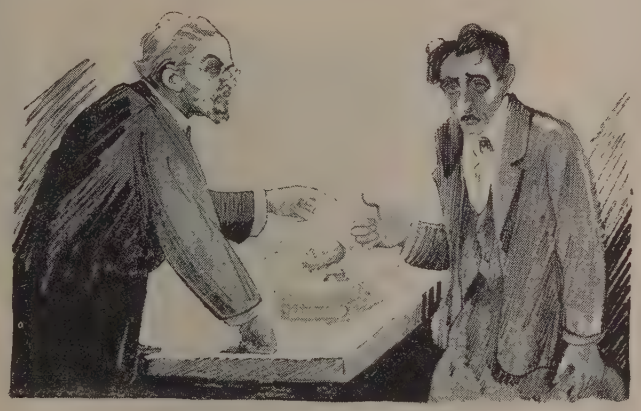
As the day wore on towards dusk all the sounds the *carretka* made, the grating of the wheels, the thudding of the body on the dead springs, the clash of harness chains, the slapping noise of leather on hide and the constant *plink-plink* of pebbles hurled up against the sides by the wheels—all these sounds seemed to drain away, leaving only the sound of his own thoughts echoing in his mind. What would the village say when he returned? Perhaps it would not be a new story to them. Perhaps they would look at his hand and nod wisely. Oh yes . . . blood poisoning . . . a rusty nail . . . terrible . . . oh yes . . . lucky not to lose the whole arm. . . . You won't be able to play your violin any more, will you? But you've still got your voice. You can sing. You're a born *chazan*. . . . You sold your violin to the mayor's son? Sixty *roubles?* A good price. Doctors cost money. The best doctors are in Kovno. You were wise to go there. . . .

He was sure of sympathy. Silence was another matter. Still he had no enemies. At worst it could only be a furtive little joke among the villagers who knew. In time it would die—another case would turn up. He could face the village and even the officials. But his violin. . . .

Thought of the violin kept him awake against the lulling rhythm of the ride. The road was smooth now. He could see the moon through the trees and bushes along the roadside. Some of its light entered the *carretka*. Light and shadow wriggled in a ball along the empty seats. He watched it until finally a dryness spread over his eyeballs and the lids dropped. He pulled up the collar of his coat. His head sank down behind the lapels, which formed a kind of hood and, by confining his breath, kept the skin on his nose and chin warm. . . .

Later, when he awoke, his head throbbed and swayed with a memory of motion. He became aware that the *carretka* had halted. A bright light poured in through the window. He looked out. The light was issuing from a tavern ten feet away. He heard the driver unhitching the horses and muttering to them. Then a door in the building opened and the keeper, thickset and bearded, so that his face looked solid black,—waddled out towards the driver. In the stillness, above the stamping and "whinnying" of the horses, he could hear the men's voices.

"No passengers?"



"One. He's asleep."

"Come in and have a drink."

"Just as soon as I get these nags to the trough."

"Wake him up. He'll want a drink.

"He's a Jew."

"I've got some wine even a Jew'll pay for. Wake him up."

Wine would be good now—he felt chilled and stiff. He clambered out of the *carretka*, letting his weight down heavily on the step so that the men might hear him, and then walked directly towards the open door without looking at them. The tavern keeper followed him in, and stepped behind the bar, rubbing his hairy hands together and beaming.

"I've got some wine here that you're going to like. You can't get anything like it even in Kovno."

He was caressing a long, gleaming bottle. Golden wisps of straw mingled with the hair of his hands as they stroked the bottle.

"One *rouble*."

"All right."

"You'll like it," the tavern keeper said as he yanked out the cork with his teeth, and set in front of him a glass which he had breathed on and polished with a cloth.

He filled the glass and then drained it at a gulp.

"Was I right?" asked the tavern keeper, smiling proudly.

The driver entered.

He poured out a glassful for him and another for himself.

"Your health, sir," cried the driver.

"Have another," he said a moment later.

"To the Little Father," cried the driver, smacking his wide lips and winking at the tavern keeper.

"You gentlemen," said the tavern keeper," would love another bottle. It's the finest wine I've ever had, and I've had some fine wine in my time."

Let's have another bottle." His arm was resting on the driver's shoulder. The driver was grinning.

When the second bottle was finished, he drew away from the driver and pursed his lips in an attempt to whistle.

"To hell with the Little Father."

The men guffawed.

"I said, to hell with the Little Father!"

He saluted. Then, after teetering on his legs, he stiffened his body and extended his left arm in front of him, slightly bent at the elbow, and pressing the forefinger and thumb of his right hand together, moved the hand back and forth in line with the elbow of the left arm. His chin was buried in his chest.

"He's playing the fiddle," the driver assured the tavern keeper.

He was giggling unrestrainedly, with tears streaming down his cheeks, when the driver lifted him bodily and carried him out into the *carretka*. . . .

At about nine o'clock the next morning, one hour after leaving the *carretka*, he located Dr. Baierlein's office in a murky side street. The doctor was waiting for him and smiled a discreet smile. His face had the color and pale glint of paraffin under a head of glossy black hair, stiff and orderly as a wig.

"I received your letter," the doctor said. "Which hand is it?"

He couldn't speak. He held out his right hand.

The doctor eyed it.

"It won't hurt much," he said. "What do you want off—the thumb or the trigger finger?"

"The thumb," he managed to say.

Revolutionizing the Hebrew Script

By I. A. Abbady

A BOLD attempt was made in Jerusalem a few months ago which, if proved workable, is destined to influence materially the trend of literary and intellectual evolution in the Near East. Mr. Ittamar Ben Avi, the adventurous editor of the Hebrew daily, *Doar Hayom*, published a Hebrew book in Latin characters. The book is entitled, *Avi* (My Father), and is a biography of Mr. Ben Avi's father, the late Eliezer Ben Yehuda, author of the famous Hebrew thesaurus and father of modern Hebrew as a spoken vernacular in Palestine.

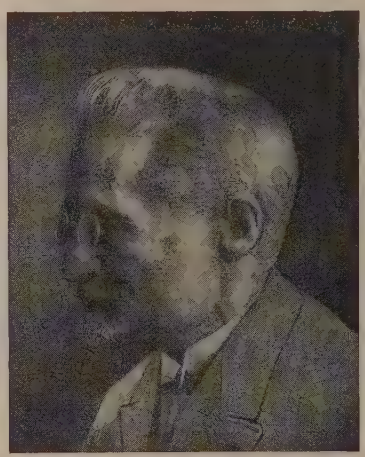
Mr. Ben Avi, the author of the book, is well known for his rather too outspoken editorial writings and for some very individualistic political opinions which he has advocated in a long journalistic career. In the face of overwhelming odds he has conducted campaigns, personal as well as otherwise, which could hardly be said to have enjoyed much popularity. His has been a journalistic career of attacks, offensive to one or another of the dominant factions in the country. No one has been considered too big or too small to serve as his target, and whether his attacks attracted popular support or not he continued them with greater and greater severity. His recent book was therefore received by his numerous political and personal enemies as one of his usual escapades in the realm of quaint and unpopular journalism.

Aroused Animated Controversy

A few weeks passed after the publication of the book before one could establish that it was more than a juvenile adventure.

A very animated controversy, was aroused both in favor and against the attempt. Weighty literary aand journalistic opinion entered the fray, either praising the attempt as a timely revolution or condemning it as a frivolous, light-headed and irresponsible makeshift. Mr. Jabotinsky, well known for the extreme political opinions he fathers in the Zionist camp, sent letters of encouragement to the author promising that he would soon follow with similar literary enterprises in Latin characters. Still greater support did the author get from quarters hitherto unfamiliar with Hebrew as a living vernacular, though very desirous of obtaining a speaking and reading knowledge of the language. On the other hand the more conservative elements, headed by such authorities as Palestine's poet laureate, Bialik, criticized the attempt very severely and condemned it as unworthy of any consideration.

Without dwelling on the merits and demerits of the particular case of Mr.



Eliezer Ben Yehuda is the father of modern Hebrew as a vernacular. He began using the language for everyday purposes when many considered it fanatical to do so.

Ben Avi's book which was the cause of the controversy, the writer would like to refer in general terms to the problem, thus made acute, of the metamorphosis of the Hebrew script. The Hebrew script now in use is not the original Hebrew alphabet. That alphabet disappeared with the disappearance of the ten Hebrew tribes. While the origin of the present printed or so-called "square" Hebrew script is still rather a matter of doubt there is no gainsaying that it is *not the* script used by the ancient Israelites in their Holy Scriptures. And whether the present square alphabet is derived from the Assyrian or Samaritan or, as some other scholars maintain, from the Phoenician, the fact remains that it represents a modification of the old script used by the Hebrew scribes. And if the Hebrew printed script has gone through considerable evolutions, the ordinary written characters used by Jews in their long Diaspora has to its credit many more variations. The Hebrew language, as used by Jews in different climes and ages, employed an alphabet in one country which was totally different from that used in another country. There was uniformity in the printed characters but great diversity in the written script. Now Hebrew, though revived in Palestine only a few decades ago, was not up till then a dead language, as the term is generally understood. It can boast of a long and rich literature in the fields of science and belles lettres and all of its numerous volumes have been invariably written, or let us say, printed in the so-called Hebrew square script which some of the present modernists are endeavoring to throw overboard. The Hebrew characters have became a vital part of the language which could not be preserved, let alone revitalized without the Hebrew script.

Revival of Hebrew Fraught With Problems

The revival of Hebrew as a spoken vernacular in Palestine in the twentieth century has presented manifold problems to the Hebrew-speaking public. In the first place the language was known, so far as it was at all known, to the students of literature as a language hitherto used largely for theological and liturgical purposes. While no doubt numerous terms required by a spoken vernacular must have been in vogue when the language was in its prime youth and later, even when it it became the language of the intelligentsia, those terms have become lifeless words because they were not continually used. Many of the words which have become obsolete in this age, and which can be restored only by the diligent hand of a scholar—a scholar who will delve deep into the *Mishna* and the Talmudical tomes, were no doubt commonly used in the days when private and public business was transacted in Palestine in the Hebrew language. When Ben Yehuda came therefore to "revive" a language

which was not thoroughly dead, he was confronted with the necessity of adapting to modern usage those terms which had been in existence hundreds of years and in addition of bringing into usage anew many others which had been neglected all those years. Hebrew, a purely Semitic language, was brought by force of necessity into direct contact with the modern Aryan languages and was naturally influenced by them very considerably.

New words, new forms, new derivatives—all that—formed a substantial addition to the stock of the language intended to bring it home to the numerous readers to whom anything connected with a Semitic origin was strange. Those "renewed" terms which have now become an inseparable part of the living Hebrew language in Palestine and which have found their way into the literature of our time have been violently condemned by the so-called "purists" who, however, later began using these terms in their own speech and writings. They began to use these terms because there was no alternative open to them.

Want Language to Answer Modern Needs

It is not therefore a mere coincidence that the movement for the elimination of the Assyrian square alphabet, which, if not identical with the old Hebrew script, is at all events closer to that ancient alphabet than any other, originated in the very quarters which early in the days of the infancy of "modern" Hebrew, thirty and forty years ago, advocated a radical change in the vocabulary of the language. Their aims were similar, though the means they adopted were very different. The early reformers contented themselves with a linguistic development which was at times perhaps very mechanical and stilted but more often was in accordance with the traditions of Hebrew speech and grammar. The crying needs of a living community, which daily clamored for words and terms essential to a very complex modern society, were the immediate and natural cause of the many renewals and adaptations. They were concerned with a living language and the survival or extinction of a particular term brought into usage by them was the best test for the feasibility or not of that term. One should bear in mind that such every day terms as eyeglasses, newspaper, monthly, weekly, constitution and hundreds or perhaps thousands of others, all of these terms, new or renewed, have recently become a part of the common stock of the language. Then one will not be surprised that the few decades of Hebrew as a spoken vernacular in Palestine have afforded the modernists strong arguments in favor of their theory of expansion, and have brought into their camps many otherwise "linguistic die-hards."

Carrying Modernism Too Far

But the movement, under discussion in the present paper, the abandonment of the Hebrew alphabet and the adoption of Latin characters, differs considerably from the first movement in that it uses means much more mechanical. The present modernists, contend the conservatives, have carried their modernism a trifle too far. They are following the radical methods of Turkey's Kemalist reformers who, by a stroke of the pen,

Ittamar Ben Avi is the stormy petrel of Jewish journalism in Palestine. He has many enemies but he is generally admired for his great courage.

eliminated the traditions and modes of thought and life of centuries. There is naturally great force in the argument that the adoption of the Latin characters for Hebrew Speech is much too artificial, too mechanical a device for a language, the history of which does not begin with yesteryear. The very complete and complicated grammar aand syntax of the Hebrew language have developed apace with the Hebrew script; and such Hebrew as there was in the centuries preceding the adoption of Hebrew as a spoken vernacular was conceived, written and expressed in the old Semitic alphabet.

But on the other hand there is a strong weapon in the hands of those who advocate the reforms. They contend, and with not a little justification, that the present structure of the Hebrew language, grammar, syntax, alphabet, and all—but particularly the obsolete alphabet which has no vowels—is far too cumbersome and complicated for a community which was not reared in the language and which must acquire it. To them it is a question of numbers and speed, rather than a question of the theories of pundits. The diacritical marks in Hebrew, though having traditions and rules of their own, are to them utterly inadequate for a modern community which is accustomed to specific letters representing sounds and other accents.

Reform in Embryonic Stage

The reform is yet in a very embryonic stage. So far there has been no repetition of Mr. Ben Avi's feat.

It was merely the cause of a vehement controversy in Jewish circles and a detailed discussion of its merits and demerits in the general press. Though one should speak with reserve of its immediate consequences, the historical importance of the departure can hardly be exaggerated. If, in the course of time, it proves workable it may revolutionize completely the Hebrew language and be of influence also on the other Semitic languages of the Near East. The Turkish alphabet is going through a similar process. It seems quite possible that the Turks everywhere will follow in the footsteps of their Madjar brethren and adopt the Latin alphabet. But the crucial test of the innovation will come when an attempt is made to impose it upon the Arabic-speaking communities.

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Ben Avi's example will be followed by other Hebrew litterateurs. In Palestine nobody has dared appear in public with a Hebrew book, periodical or pamphlet in Latin script; and, strange to say, even Mr. Ben Avi's own paper the *Doar Hayom*, continues to be printed in the old, square alphabet.

News in Views

Underwood Photo

INTERIOR of a synagogue at Oradea Maru, Roumania, after being pillaged and desecrated by a group of anti-Semitic students.

International Photo

"ISSY" ZARAKOV, former Jewish gridiron star at Harvard, who will head a million dollar chain of summer camps for children.

TO the right: pumpkins in Palestine. A bumper crop of pumpkins offers Palestinian children an ideal playground. Youngsters are the same the world over.

International Photo

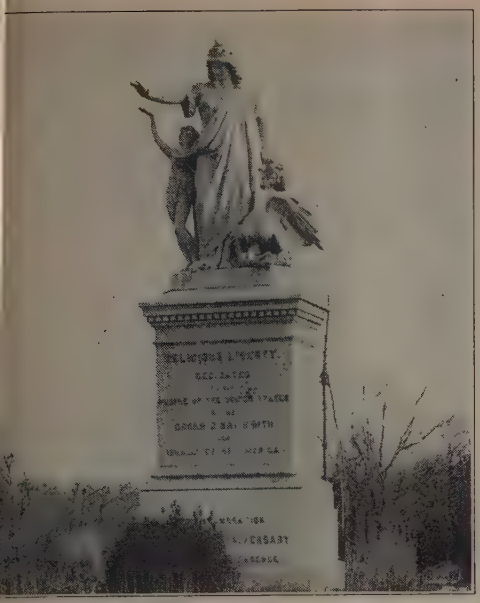
SCENE from a Jewish Colony in Crimea showing Jewish farmers making use of modern machinery.

International Photo

NATHAN STRAUS, who last month celebrated his eightieth birthday, is seen here with Mrs. Straus alongside a giant birthday cake.

FELIX M. WARBURG is shown here presenting a medal to Charles M. Schwab as a tribute to Mr. Schwab's services in the interests of the advance and security of commerce.

International Photo



International Photo

THE statue of Religious Liberty presented by the B'nai B'rith and erected in Fairmont Park, Philadelphia, Pa. It is the work of Sir Moses Ezekiel, a Ben B'rith and a famous sculptor, and was unveiled on November 30, 1876.

London Jewish Guardian

DR. REDCLIFFE N. SALAMAN, formally opening health exhibition of the Jewish Health Organization of Great Britain at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London.

Lumiere Photo

YEHUDI MENUHIM is a Jewish boy, ten years of age, who has startled the musical world by his mastery as a violinist.

International Photo

CELEBRITIES at dinner given William Morris, President of the Jewish Theatrical Guild. Seated, left to right: Otto H. Kahn, William Morris and Father Martin E. Fahy. Standing, left to right: Willie Collier, Paul Whiteman, James J. Walker, Mayor of New York City, and Harry Cooper.

PARTICIPANTS in laying the corner-stone for the chapel in the cemetery of the Jewish community of Mexico City. Messrs. Erdman and Grinberg of New Orleans led in the ceremonies. The dedication of this burial ground will take place sometime this month.

The Printed Page

LEWISOHN SALUTES HIS SPIRITUAL KIN

Cities and Men, by Ludwig Lewisohn. (Harper & Brothers.)

LUDWIG LEWISOHN is a man who has never made peace with himself.

There are plenty of men who never make peace with the world. But most men sooner or later make peace with themselves—if generally not a peace with victory, at any rate a compromise satisfying enough to free the greater proportion of their power for observation of, or combat with, the external world.

Mr. Lewisohn is preoccupied with looking into his own heart and telling what he has suffered. He does that when he writes autobiography per se, and he does it also when he writes criticism, fiction and poetry. But then he feels, in addition, impelled to share the knowledge in his heart with his fellows for the sake of light and salvation. Therefore his utterances sometimes take on prophetic force.

Mr. Lewisohn's weakness is also his strength. He would like to be a spiritual leader of humanity, and he is, in a limited sense. But he cannot become an actual recognized leader in the way, let us say, that Ferdinand Lasalle and Theodor Herzl were, for he is after all essentially a devotee of ideas for their own sake. There is just enough political-mindedness in his nature to make him discontented with the secluded, ivory tower existence of an aloof aristocrat like Santayana. This division in himself, however, enables him to understand with singular insight the impassioned prophets as well as the exquisite but icy cynics. And, above all, it enables him to fathom all the depths of soul of the artist-philosophers who, like himself, are too warm-hearted to remain indifferent to the sufferings of mankind and too cool-headed to be gulled by panaceas.

This it is which lends peculiar force and directness to his evocations of sharply distinctive and varied personalities in his book, "Cities and Men." Hazlitt, Heine, Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, William Ellery Leonard, Martin Buber and the other rather lesser lights are shown to us, in their glory and travail, by a man who knows them because he has experienced similar glory and travail. The most memorable essay in the book, however, is the defense of subjectivity in literature which serves as an introduction to the opus. It is really Mr. Lewisohn's credo and *weltanschauung* set forth with the fervor of an apostle and the charm of the stylist that Lewisohn is.

J. Z. JACOBSON.

AS IN A GREEK TRAGEDY

World's End, by Jacob Wassermann. Translated by Lewis Galantiers. (Boni & Liveright.)

FIVE stories of souls in travail. Men and women under the whip of fate. And Wassermann penetrating into the inmost souls of these human beings. As you follow them they cease to be characters of fiction. They are alive. You live with them. Their sorrows are your sorrows, and there are hardly any joys to share. It is life stark, relentless; and things come to pass as in a Greek tragedy.

In the first story you follow Adam Urbas. A man surrenders to the police for murdering his wretched son because he did not want his seed to become still more worthless. You follow the story as if it were a mystery detective tale. And who can say it is not? The glimpse into a human soul affords the greatest of mysteries. Did Urban kill his son, actually kill him with a knife? It would be unfair, to author and reader, to tell.

The story of Golovin takes us into Russia immediately after the Bolshevist revolution. Human misery almost beyond human endurance. Base motives, human kindliness, brutality, a bit of idealism, here and there, abuse of power, nobility of soul—and all of it fused and mingled into one story. Golovin, who is master of a town, meets a woman whom he desires, but who stands so far above the mere trifles of life that he can not take her. Just as some authors have attempted incarnations of the Christ ideal so Wassermann makes Golovin the incarnation of the Evil One. He sneers at everything that is, everything people hold dear and sacred. But something in him does not allow him to stoop to the meanest act a man can do to a woman.

In *Lukardis* we get a glimpse of Russia under the Czars and the misery and suffering which really caused the terrible retribution in the form of the Bolshevist revolution. Here we have depicted shattered lives, nobility of soul and sacrifice of one human being for another; and all of it is done with the deft master strokes of a great artist.

The longest story in the book is *Erasmus.* It deals with the life and adventure of Erasmus Ungnad and Countess Marietta Giese, and pictures the life of the German nobility and landed aristocracy, with their passions their ambitions, their loves and hates and adulteries. We see these men and women in war and in the aftermath of the war, when the peasants are sullen and in revolt.

Erasmus lives the life of a man of his class to whom diplomatic missions present opportunities for adventure. Countess Marietta is attached to him with the passionate fire of a woman who clings to the man who is all in all to her. In the end the unmarried father takes unto himself the little son which has come out of this love relation. Countess Marietta had kept the secret fearing Erasmus would frown upon her having a child of his.

A powerful man is Wassermann, a giant of our generation with a heart that throbs sympathetically for humanity.

OSCAR LEONARD.

ISRAEL, PAST AND PRESENT

The Legacy of Israel, planned by Israel Abrahams and edited by Edwyn Bevan and Charles Singer. (Oxford University Press, New York.)

THIS is a very important work of Jewish scholarship.

Within the space of its more than five hundred pages it gives a comprehensive record of the contribution of the Jew to modern civilization. Almost all similar books that have gone before, such as Adam Smith's and Professor Selbie's, treat of the contribution of the Jew as leading up to Christianity. Here is a work that speaks of the Jew's contribution to all departments of modern thought, as well as to antiquity.

The name could be improved upon. We obtain a "legacy" from one who has died and not from one who is still living. This work speaks not alone of Israel of the past, but of living Israel as well, still weaving its web into the fabric of modern thought life.

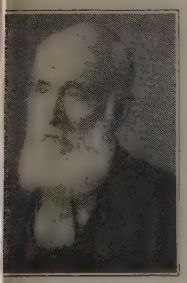
The work is conceived upon a broad scale. Each subject is treated by an expert scholar.

PHILIP A. LANGH.

In the Public Eye

Nissim Behar

[SHALL live as long as I am active and when I cease being active I all be dead anyway, so you see I must continue being active."



Nissim Behar

These brave words were recently uttered by that indefatigable veteran of social service, Nissim Behar, in whose honor a testimonial banquet is to be given in New York on February 21, '28, Behar's eightieth birthday.

Born in Palestine, Behar attended the lliance Israelite Universelle school ' that country and then went to Paris complete his education.

Following this he returned to Pales-ne and did yeomen service as an or-anizer and educator. Then he came the United States. Here, among ther things, he organized the Liberal nmigration League, the Jewish Big rothers and the Federation of Jew-h Organizations.

* * *

Albert D. Lasker

A BUSINESS man with imagination whom tremendous success has not oiled. A friendly, democratic fellow with a disarming sense of humor. Such is the way one might characterize Albert D. Lasker. He is one of the salient personalities in the advertising field in America, being head of the Lord & Thomas and the Logan advertising agencies. And from 1921 to 923 he was chairman of the United tates Shipping board, a position in hich he distinguished himself by his kill as an executive, his devotion and is singular sincerity.

Albert D. Lasker

Now, believing in life and life more bundantly, he and Mrs. A. D. Lasker ave given $1,000,000 with which to ombat the diseases of middle age. This is the initial endowment of a fund to be established at the University of Chicago as "The Lasker Foundation for Medical Research."

This interest in the study and the fighting of disease is not new with Mr. Lasker. In 1922 he contributed $25,000 to the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

Public spirited as he is in a big, broad way, Mr. Lasker, too, is actively concerned with the special problems of the Jewish people. He is a Trustee of the Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago and a member of the American Jewish Committee.

* * *

Emil Ludwig

SCIENCE and the scientific outlook have made realists of us. So biography is becoming more popular than fiction. And of all present-day biographers the most popular is Dr. Emil Ludwig.

Emil Ludwig

For many years Ludwig wrote poems, dramas and novels which met with moderate success in his native Germany. Then all of a sudden the English-speaking world became aware of him, and now everyone is reading and talking about his three great biographies of Napoleon, Bismarck and Wilhelm Hohenzollern.

Like many, if not most, of the German writers who have come to the fore in the past ten years, Ludwig is a Jew. His father, Dr. Hermann Cohn, one of the greatest eye specialists of his day, changed the family name of his children to Ludwig to save them from what he considered the handicap of being known as Jews. But the recent wave of anti-Semitism in Germany aroused the latent Jewish consciousness in Ludwig, and today he declares himself an avowed Jew—one who believes in the future of the Jewish people.

Ludwig is now in the United States for a lecture tour. Feted and lionized by society leaders, millionaires, and the aristocracy of American art and letters, Dr. Ludwig says his chief task here is that of bringing his message to America's youth.

Mrs. Estelle M. Sternberger

IN JEWISH public life we know Mrs. Estelle M. Sternberger as the able and devoted Executive Secretary of the National Council of Jewish Women. And now has come to her a new honor and an opportunity for service that is of the highest. Last month she was elected Secretary of the National Council of Women, an organization in which ten million women are represented.

Estelle Sternberger

Mrs. Sternberger was educated at the Cincinnati Community School of Jewish Philanthropy and the University of Cincinnati. She has served as President of the Reading Road Temple Sisterhood of Cincinnati, President of the Consumptives' Relief Society of Cincinnati, and as Chairman of the Committee on Immigrant Aid of the Cincinnati Branch of the National Council of Jewish Women.

* * *

Mrs. Enoch Rauh

MRS. ENOCH RAUH has the distinction of being the first woman in the United States to serve in the cabinet of a city mayor. In 1922 she was appointed Director of the Department of Public Welfare in the city of Pittsburgh, and she has held that position ever since.

Mrs. Enoch Rauh

Devoting her time and energy freely to social service, Mrs. Rauh is a moving force in numerous organizations and movements both of national and local scope.

She was one of the first Vice Presidents of the Equal Franchise Federations of Allegheny County. And for nineteen years she served as President of the Pittsburgh section of the Council of Jewish Women, while at one time she was national President of the Council of Jewish Women.

Berlin's Colony of Russian Jews

By Boris Brutskus

THE French Revolution gave rise to a large exodus; the Russian to a still greater one, both in actual numbers and in proportion to the population. Only the aristocrats fled from France. While in the case of Russia the intelligentsia as well as the leading bourgeois felt the necessity of departing from their homeland. So that at present we find many Russian scholars, publicists and artists of great renown living abroad. Among these exiles, voluntary and forced, are a great number of veterans of Russia's long and arduous struggle for freedom—men and women who gave their best years to the drawn-out fight against Czarism. And more of these enthusiasts for liberty and justice would have left the country they love so dearly had it been possible for them to do so. As it is many of them have died broken-hearted in misery and want, while others find themselves huddled together in Bolshevik prisons and concentration camps, weighed down with weariness and despair.

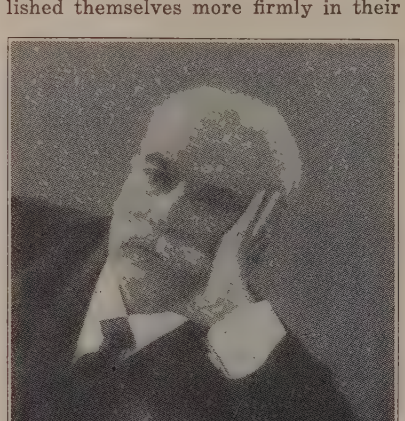
This is true of the Russians in general. The Russian Jews among the emigrees had, in addition, special reasons for leaving the country of their birth.

At present there is no emigration, to speak of, from the land of the Soviets. The people who are there have become accustomed to the new mode of living. And as for the future of the country, predictions are plentiful but their value is extremely doubtful. Most of the forecasts about the course of events in Russia since the Bolshevik Revolution have failed to materialize, including those of the so-called experts.

Strange Conglomeration of Refugees

In the meanwhile the colonies of Russians in the capitals of western Europe have grown to several times their pre-war size. They have been augmented by a strange conglomeration of refugees: members of the nobility, monarchists, moderate social revolutionists, libertarians, artists, publicists, scientists—all of them exiles because the Spartan-like order in the new Russia has proved too harsh for them. Or, as in the case of the monarchists and social revolutionists, because their very lives were in danger. What strange bedfellows the Russian Revolution has made!

In these colorful colonies of former aristocrats and intellectual leaders there are a very considerable number of Jews, though in Paris and Berlin and London the Jews from Russia have their own communities. And the Jews with their proverbial chameleon-like power of adaptation have established themselves more firmly in their



Jacob Teitel

new abiding places than have their Slavic former compatriots. Thus the Jewish quarters of Paris, Berlin and London have taken on a new vitality; the peculiarly Jewish intellectual activities in these cities have been quickened to a very remarkable degree. Especially is this true of Berlin which has of late become a great Hebrew and Yiddish publishing center.

In these West-European metropolises we now find concentrated the flower of Russian Jewry—renowned communal leaders, scholars, philosophers and artists. Some of the most noted and most picturesque of them died recently, such as, to name a few: M. Vinaver, one of the foremost political leaders of the Russian Jewry that was; Dr. Sev, former editor of the new *Voschod;* Dr. Idelson, editor of the *Rozsvet;* and Vladimir Timokin, the beloved Zionist enthusiast.

Of those who have been spared u we find in Berlin alone: Shlosber Kreinen, Bramson, Abramowitz, Che nikovski—the poet—and Professo S. M. Dubnow—the famous historia All of these are familiar names t those who are acquainted with th Jewry of pre-war Russia.

One of the chief attractions of Be lin immediately after the war was th inflated rate of exchange. This mad living very cheap. And consequentl the Russian refugees found it possibl to establish themselves and their var ous enterprises with comparative eas

Money Loses Value

In 1924, however, the rate of e change in Germany was deflated an the money in the possession of th emigrees from Russia lost much o its value. Moreover, living expens mounted with a sudden leap. Man of the refugees were compelled t move on to Paris. The recently e tablished business enterprises becam shaky, and an epidemic of bankruptc swept through the "colony." Th failure of one of the oldest Russia refugee firms precipitated a politica scandal, and this put a crimp into th further credit of the Russians i Berlin.

And they have not yet recovere from this economic depression. Thoug Germany as a whole is coming t itself with amazing rapidity, th status of the Russian refugees in th German capital remains precarious. It is practically impossible for a foreigne to secure a position of importance i Germany, and even in securing wor as manual laborers the Eastern Jew meet with opposition among the nativ German *Juden.* It is only by virtu of their determined effort and pionee zeal that the employers and intellectu als among the Jewish newcomers i Berlin are succeeding in establishin the basis for a permanent and stabi ized existence for the rank and fil of Jewish emigrees.

"Union of Russian Jews"

Thus there has been formed in Be lin an organization called the "Unio of Russian Jews." At the head o this Union is the patriarch of Jewis refugees in Berlin, Jacob Teitel, whos 75th birthday was recently celebrate

with great enthusiasm and jubilation. Notwithstanding his advanced age, Mr. Teitel energetically directs the activities of this union for economic and cultural self-help. A shop for the manufacture of ladies' garments is conducted, giving a considerable number of refugees employment. Then there are classes in German, a library, lecture courses and other cultural and educational enterprises. This is all carried on under the direct hegemony of the Union of Russian Jews. Other public bodies, such as the Sholom Aleichem club and the Zionist circles, also, to a degree commensurate with their power, contribute to the intellectual and spiritual welfare of Berlin's Russian Jewish community.

As I have already intimated, Berlin has become one of the nerve-centers of Jewish life. Indeed in some respects it is perhaps the most important Jewish center in Europe today. You will find in Berlin the central offices of the Ort, the Ozet, and the Emigdirekt. From these offices are directed a complex network of activities in various East-European countries, including Soviet Russia. Too, these relief and reconstruction organizations serve the large community of *Ost-Juden* from Galicia which preceded the Russian Jews in establishing themselves in Berlin.

Another Jewish organization—and perhaps the most notable of all working in and from Berlin—is the Joint Distribution Committee. The J. D. C. maintains its European headquarters in the German capital and works in close contact with the other Jewish public bodies in that city.

It would be hard to exaggerate the good will service that these organizations are doing—a service that is secondary so far as their aims are concerned, but which is nevertheless of high and lasting significance. What I refer to is the influence these organizations are having in bringing about a mutual understanding between the German Jews and the Russian, or rather, indeed, between all of Eastern Jewry and all of Western Jewry. As I have already noted, the German Jews have sometimes looked askance at the Russian and Galician Jewish refugees who came to live among them. But the enlightenment work done by the relief and reconstruction organisms is bearing fruit in the creation of a better, a more wholesome spirit.

On the other hand, the presence of the very flower of Russia's Jewish intelligentsia in the German metropolis has given a new impetus to the intellectual life of the native German Jews. This has manifested itself, among other ways, in the publication in German of many books on Jewish subjects. Especially gratifying, in this connection, is the success of the German translation of Dubnow's famous history of the Jewish people.

So much for that. The next question is: what probability is there of the Russian Jewish intellectuals returning to Russia? Well, for the present, at any rate, that is not only improbable; it is impossible. The Soviet government permits emigrants to return to Russia only in rare and special cases. And for this policy they are not to be blamed. For, as it is, the cities of Russia are overcrowded and have in aggregate an army of two million unemployed.

Moreover, even if there were no unemployment and there were plenty of room in Russian cities, it would still be impolitic on the part of the Bolshevik government to permit the exiles to return. As it is the prisons and concentration camps are crowded with people who, it is feared, will develop anti-Bolshevik tendencies. What sense would there then be in permitting these emigrants, whose anti-communist views are pretty plain, to return to Russia?

Then, over and above all this, there is a psychological reason why the Russian refugees would not return to their homeland even if they were permitted to do so. They have become accustomed to other modes of living, and they would find it extremely difficult to reorient themselves to the minutely regulated life now prevalent in Russia.

So, no matter how you look at it, the question of the return of the Russian Jewish intellectuals and bourgeois, from Berlin and Paris and London to the land whence they came, is at best a very remote possibility. They will instead continue to suffer and build up new strongholds of the Jewish spirit in the capitals of western Europe—thereby stirring western Jewry to the living of a more abundant Jewish life. And ultimately this may have implications of universal significance; for when the culture, the art and literature of one people is enriched, in the end the culture, the art, the literature of the whole world is, by the same token, made richer and more colorful.

What Makes the McAlpin New York's Most Popular Hotel?

In view of the fact that New York has more fine hotels than any city in the World, it is interesting to understand why the McAlpin is acclaimed New York's most popular hostelry.

There is always something doing at the McAlpin—because a guest can be entertained in so many ways.

Nearly two thousand comfortable rooms—from $3.00 to $12.00 per day—with suites from $10.00 to $30.00 per day—and suite services go with all rooms regardless of price—

Four magnificent ball rooms for private parties and balls—

Three beautiful restaurants serving the finest food in New York—

A floor exclusively for women—and a floor exclusively for tall men (Longfellow Hall)—

Dance music by the McAlpineers, a brand new distinctive broadcasting orchestra—you dine and dance by it—

Combine your home comforts with first-class hotel conveniences—then add gentlemanly, considerate service from bellboy to manager—and you get, because this space is limited, an idea of what the McAlpin has to offer you on your next New York visit.

Sincerely,

Arthur L. Reg.
Managing Director

P. S. Now is a busy time in New York but a wire to me personally will always secure you a room.

HOTEL McALPIN

"Where the White Way Begins"

Broadway at 34th Street
New York City

Was there a Jewish Minnesinger?

By Regina Miriam Bloch

THIS fascinating query has been animating the scholars of Europe for some time past. Whatever the pros and cons may be, in that famous ancient manuscript known as "*die Manessische Handschrift*" (the Manesse M.S.S.), dating back to the thirteenth century and preserved in the university library at Heidelberg, there appears a most quaint and diverting illustration, portraying the Jewish minnesinger, Susskind von Trimberg, "in a pointed Jewish hat" b fore a Christian prelate. The latter is apparently a bishop, as he is represented as bearing an asperge. To me, the attitudes of the figures in the picture are highly amusing. All are standing, except the bishop, who has two satellites in attendance with their hands uplifted and forefingers wagging. There is rather a wicked gleam of medieval zealotry in the bishop's eye, and poor Susskind, who is also shown in an exclamatory posture, seems to be on the verge of flight and in imminent fear of sudden baptism with the bishop's holy water sprinkler!

Susskind von Trimberg Remains Attractive Figure

Despite the discussion regarding his reality, Susskind von Trimberg will remain a most attractive figure, for he is the only Jew amongst the minnesingers, those travelling bards who inspired their era and roved from feudal castle to castle with their songs, asking knightly favours in return. When one looks the subject full in the face, one realizes that the minnesinger is only a kind of literary *schnorrer* after all, though, in cases of genius, like that of Herr Walther von der Vogelweide, this hardly applies; nor does it apply in certain noble instances of their fellow-craftsmen, the troubadours of France and the trouveurs of Spain. Still, the *schnorring* clement might appeal to a traditional Jew, and hence I, personally, scarcely doubt the authenticity of Susskind von Trimberg as a member of this commendable profession. At any rate, the songs ascribed to him have been excellently transposed into modern German by Dr. Bertha Badt in her *Judische Bucherei*, Volume 6. One of his best efforts reveals the spirit of *Adon Olam*, and displays the pure uniformity of Judaism in its highest aspects. I will attempt to translate it, however roughly and inadequately, in order to render the spirit of the poem into English:

"O King and highly-praised God, the All feels Thy might.

Thou illuminest with the day and dark'nest with the night.

So that this world in gladness and peace may have a part.

Sovran! To Thee alone all honour should e'er be done.

How Thou dost deck the morn with the clear rays of the sun,

While e'en in the raven night the moon enchants the heart.

Thou didst create the heavens and the stars in their array

And Thine undying beauty endureth, too, for aye.

Thou hast so much to give us, which never fades away."

If not an exact translation, the above poetic version, without being strictly literal, yields the thought and full idea of Susskind's praise of the Almighty. I agree with his critics that his verses do not show any outstanding originality, but that they are modelled on biblical precedents, on our psalms and prayers. Yet, we cannot all be giants and, if the "Book of Job" in Hebrew inspired Goethe to write "Faust" and aroused his genius without shackling his spirit with plagiarisms, one might well contend that our Jewish minnesinger, roving through Germany in the Middle Ages, could not have built his spiritual mansion upon surer and nobler foundations, even if he plagiarised. If only he had left us his biography! What a delectable treat for ensuing generations has been lost to us! . . .

In Those Days Poets Were Honored

Ere concluding this brief paper on an alluring, yet shadowy personality, it would be interesting and apposite to quote a passage which occurs in one of my favourite books, entitled: "Lays of The Minnesingers or German Troubadours of the 12th and 13th Centuries, Illustrated by Specimens of the Contemporary Lyric Poetry of Provence and Other Parts of Europe." The author's name is not given, but my copy, with its compendious critical notices and engravings from the MSS. of the minnesingers in the King's Library at Paris and from other sources, was published by Longman's, as far back as 1825. The extract I wish to cite is the following, which does not deal with the minnesingers (or love-singers), a southern contemporary of whom, by the way, chose *Solomon's Song* as his theme (see Herder's *Lieder der Liebe*), but with their successors, the later master-singers, *(Meister-Sanger)*, of whom Hans Sachs was the brightest constellation. It appears that, when a candidate was honorably admitted into that incorporated society of poets known as the master-singers (p. 311):

> "He was decorated with a silver chain and badge, the latter representing good King David playing on the harp."

Again, Master Cyril Sprangenburg of this ilk (p. 313), encouraging that pet diversion of:

> "The master singers, who ascribed an extravagant antiquity to their institutions . . . deduced their history from the Celtic bards in the time of Abraham."

Inspired by Love of God

This sounds ludicrous. Still, antiquity is wrapt in mystery, and, when one thinks of the druids of the Bronze Age, one grows bewildered among the voyages of wisdom between Eastward and Westward-Ho!

Yet, it is pleasant to return to the fact that a clean and holy love of God inspired the truly Jewish *minne* or love-songs of the one solitary Semite amongst the minnesingers. Susskind von Trimberg.

The Jewish Book in Germany

By Israel Auerbach

ONE may get a notion of the dreadful nature of the Ukrainian pogroms, which were recalled to mind recently by the Schwarzbard trial, from a novel entitled "Tales of Odessa" (*Geschichten aus Odessa*), by a Russian Jew, I. Babel. This book has now been translated into German and made accessible to the western world. The rich melancholy soil, the dreamy, glowing sky, the thick-blooded, sensuous, gloomily-hankering and fanatically-plundering humanity of this Ukraine world, are revealed to us. This book swarms with semi-savage, headstrong Cossacks and touchingly feeble or extraordinarily robust Jews. It depicts in vivid colors their huddled-together lives and the terrible deaths which they prepare one for another.

"The Story of My Dove Cote," one of the chapters in this remarkable book, is positively the most fantastic, and, at the same time, the most realistic description of a village pogrom that has ever been written. As experienced by the flesh of an innocent, tender, Jewish child, and seen through his agonized, horror stricken eyes, this vision no human memory can ever forget.

Depicts Horrors of Civil War

The full horror of Jew-baiting in Russia during the aftermath of the late war becomes clearer to us from another book by Babel, "The Cavalry Regiment of Budjonny" *(Budjonny's Reiter-armee)*. This book envisages the entire red-glowing hell of a civil war in this formidable land. It depicts the horrible struggle of the Whites against the Reds, between whose jaws the unfortunate population is crushed—and most cruelly crushed are the doubly unfortunate Jews. Babel, the author, a Jewish Cossack serving in the Red army, truly an extraordinary character, actually lived through the hell which he describes. A modern inferno is conjured up with the Dantesque and yet naive imagery of a Russian of today, nay, a Jew of today, who shed his Russian wolf's skin and whose Jewish soul is now bleeding.

He who would learn more than this, should secure Dubnow's powerful, historical work, or at least, his essay, "The Great Slaughter" (*Das Grosse Morden*), which is printed in a separate volume entitled, "Personalities and Moments" (*Gestalten und Momente*), edited by Prof. Ismar Elbogen, and published by the young but active Heine Society. "Between Hammer and Anvil," is the title of the first part of this great work of Dubnow's, a title which masterfully sums up all the dreadfulness that the book describes.

Between Hammer and Anvil

Between the hammer and the anvil; between the Poles and the Cossacks, hundreds and thousands of innocent Jews were crushed in the course of the Chmelnitzky wars in the seventeenth century. The same Ukrainian soil, which witnessed these massacres of the seventeenth century, was only yesterday made again the theater of a Jewish slaughter in the struggle for supremacy between the Whites and the Reds. It is a poignant illustration of our lot to fall everywhere between the hammer and the anvil of nations, parties, ideas and cultures. . . . One need but turn to a few of the other chapters of this great historical work, such as, "Heine's Letters from Damascus," "Downfall of a Holy Community" (The martyrdom of the Mainz community during the Crusades), and "Jeremiah, the Prophet and Statesman," in order to see that the Jew is everywhere and everlastingly between the hammer and the anvil.

Yet another book takes us to the same, never changing, bloody, South Russian soil and to the Jews whose fate it is to live and suffer upon it. This book is, however, of a more peaceful tone, a scientific dissertation by Lazar Gulkowitsch, called *Chassidism*. A recent publication of the Heine Society also contains a treatise on this subject. Gulkowitsch's book, however, is much more profound, comprehensive and impartial. It concieves of *Chassidism* as a consolatory movement after the despair over the blood showers of the Chmelnitzky massacres. At the same time it is an expression of the naive, rustic mode of life, rather grotesque than spiritual, which the Ukrainian Jews acquired from their environment.

Chassidism Brought Joy

The dry, causuistic study of the Talmud, which alone filled their lives up to this time could give them no comfort. The teachings of *Chassidism* gave them that resuscitating joy which its prophet, Israel Baal Shem Tov, brought down to his brethren from his long, solitary retirement among the mountains of the Caucasus. He who would investigate the great spiritual depths and divine heights, which were the sources of this resuscitating joy, which, when harmoniously combined with humility, enthusiasm and fervor, formed the symphony of the *Chassidic* communal life, should read this exhaustive volume. It objectively treats, not only of the glorious advent of the great master, but also of the fall of his disciples, Dov Baer, the great *maggid*, and Schneuer Salman, who were not comparable to him, as well as of the decline of the entire movement. In spite of the attempts of the noble Nachman of Brazlaw to revive it, the movement was doomed to become adulterated, maudlin, and distorted. It was the *Zadikkism*, to which *Chassidism* itself gave rise, that subverted the original movement. This doom was much to be regretted; for *Chassidism* was always of a lofty and beautiful nature, and perhaps, even today it might have possessed some germs out of which a new Judaism could be born.

Rebirth and revision also comprise the keynote of another work, "The Essentiality of the Hebrews" *(Die Wirklichkeit der Hebraer)*, by Oskar Goldberg, a revision at least of our religious conceptions concerning our biblical ancestors. Goldberg rejects the orthodox as well as the liberal, the historical as well as the psychological interpretation of the world of the Bible. They are altogether too symbolical for him. He wants the plain meaning, the true reality.

This reality of Goldberg's is, however, very curiously conceived, brutal and even blasphemous to our sentiments. It is only with reluctance that one may attempt to express it in words. Not only the existence of the God of Israel, but the existence of all the other gods are to him a reality.

The *Torah* is to him the story of the actual relations between *Yahweh-Elohim* and the other *Elim*—the story of the evolution of *Yahweh's* power, since it is identical for him with the "Book of the Wars of God," as quoted in the Bible. What, then, were the

gods in reality? Higher organisms, or "biological centers," incarnations of super-terrestrial worlds, governed by quite different natural laws from those of our world of three dimensions. To each god belongs his particular people; the peoples are the instruments of their gods; they are endowed with their peculiarities, their "biological structures." God and people supplement and condition each other. Every god has his own circumscribed "sphere of influence," outside of which he is powerless. Our own God was crowded out by the others so that His domain was restricted to the wilderness, hence the name, "God of the Wilderness." It was in the wilderness that the patriarchs, Moses and Elijah, had to seek Him out in order to commune with Him. Only later did He, like all the others, win over a "sphere of influence" for Himself.

It was the task of the Hebrews to create for God a habitation, to establish His permanent presence and His manifestations. . . . As one may readily see, this is a strange, rudely materialistic system, gathered from *Kabbalah*, spiritualism, and biologizing philosophy, founded upon extensive but clumsily used Bible philology. This book renders harmful service to Judaism; it lowers our God conception and reinforces certain Christian interpretations of a materialistic and totemistic mythology of our biblical epochs.

An entirely different spirit characterizes another work, "The Tribal and the Strange God" (Der Eigene und der Fremde Gott), by Theodore Reik. It is a religio-historical treatise upon a psycho-analytical foundation of a no less important psychologist than Freud. The book treats of the phenomenon of the mutual, mortal antagonism of the various religions, especially such as stand in a relationship of mother and daughter to each other. Extremely interesting light is shed upon the relationship between Judaism and Christianity. He shows that Judaism has destroyed the ancient Oriental cult of a God-mother (Astarte, Cybele, Isis)—and a God-son (Marduk, Adonis, Osiris) and that Christianity is a form of regeneration of these overthrown deities in Mary and Jesus. The regenerated "son," who, in the religious ideology of the Christian world, has almost slain the "father," shifted the guilt from himself (i. e. for usurping the worship due his father) to the people of the "father." This is the background of the crucifixion legend; the fundamental psychological motive of the endless persecution of the Jews throughout the entire Christion era.

Ritual Murder Superstition Persists

The story of one ancient ritual murder has persisted in ever-changing forms from the dawn of history unto the present day. Some early beginnings of this indestructible story are to be found in cannibalism and in human sacrifices; one of its last surviving symbols being the holy communion of the Christians. Religious persecution is always at its worst in time of doubt in one's own tribal god. This doubt is drowned by the overflowing hatred for the strange gods. One of the most fundamental causes of religious cruelty has been the uncanny fear of a resurrection of the allegedly dead god, who, when resurrected, was expected to take the form of a devil. This is a book which deals with perplexing problems and provokes much contradictory thought, but which offers, nevertheless, a mine of unthought of implications. It is evident that very much is to be hoped from applying psycho-analysis to the research in the history of religions.

A Catholic Convert to Judaism

A uniquely notable book published by the Heine Society in its first year is, "The Unknown Sanctuary" (*Die Unbekannte Heiligtum*) by Aime Palliere. This book radiates brilliancy, light and peace. It is not an attempt of a philosopher, philologist or historian to discover hidden sources or to solve weird mysteries; but shows us rather a straightforward, honest soul thirsting for truth, seeking an approach to God. The author is not a Jew but a Catholic, reared in the faith of his fathers, and whose intention it was to become a priest in order to serve God. It is all the more significant, therefore, that we find this man landing in quite another place, in the unexpected and, to him, entirely unknown faith of the Jewish people. The book is a simple, unassuming, unemotional, but nevertheless, touching confession of a pilgrim wandering from Christianity to Judaism, out of the religion of the "Son" into the realm of the "Father." No gulf of hatred, slander and disdain; no world of blood and tears can stop him or scare him back. He lives Judaism; he explores it and he affirms it—he must; he cannot do otherwise. He rejects the faith in the "Son" as a deformity, error, a relapse into the ancient paganism. The avowal of the "Father" is to him the ascent into celestial heights; the consummation of forgotten truths of yesterday and the perfection of the humanity of tomorrow.

It was quite a casual experience that led Palliere to these convictions. He chanced into a synagogue at the time of *N'ilah* on *Yom Kippur*. The impression which he received was tremendous and unforgettable. In order to be able to appreciate the more this impression, he began to study Hebrew and his knowledge of the sacred tongue opened the gates of the sanctuary for him. On the advice of his teacher, the genial Elia Benamosegh of Leghorn, he did not formally change his religion to Judaism; but he fully accepted the Jewish teachings, and now preaches them. Aime Palliere is a *ger zadik*, and he feels it to be his mission to guide others also into the newly discovered sanctuary. While he has no Jewish blood in him, he lives the life of a Jewish prophet. "The Unknown Sanctuary" is a book which gives us consolation for the sorrows of the past and courage for a better and prouder future.

Just as this book is full of innocence, peace and light, so are also the paths upon which our ancestors traveled, when, in their imagination, they lived over the occurrences and personalities of our biblical era and wove beautiful legends about them, Micha Joseph ben Gorion (Berdiczewski), in disclosing and systematically arranging this rich trove of myths and legends in accordance with the traditions of the Midrash, has rendered a tremendous service. His "Legends of the Jews" *(Sagen der Juden)*, which was published by his widow and son shortly after his untimely death, is a veritable enchanted garden. Five volumes have appeared thus far: "Primeval Times," "The Patriarchs," "The Twelve Tribes," "Moses" and "Judah and Israel."

"Herein is unfolded Oriental art of the most variegated coloring; sensuously naive joys and scurrilous eccentricities. God Himself walks through this book as an invisible giant; all the elements, fire, water, wind and air, enter into it; the very letters break through the lines and speak; the rivers have a language and the mountains are endowed with grandiloquence."

This description by an excellent critic does not at all exaggerate. The volume, "Moses," narrates the legends about the birth and life of the great

(*Continued on page* 150)

The Sculpture of Jacob Epstein

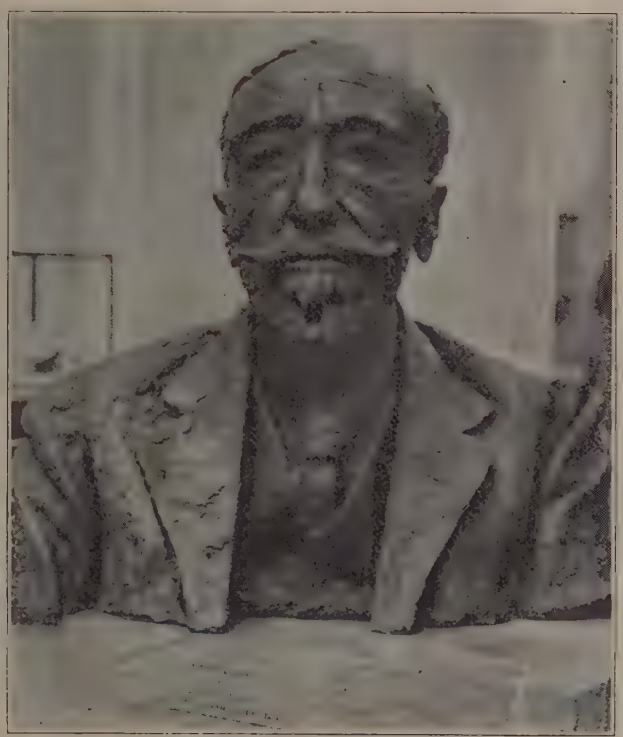
By Rose Lee

THE exhibit of sculpture by Jacob Epstein, which opened in November at the Ferargil Galleries, was the sensation of the art season in New York. The most widely talked of sculptor in England, perhaps in the world today, had returned at last to the country of his birth, bringing a collection of powerful works to represent him. He was at once acclaimed by a sensational press, and visitors came to the galleries in such astonishing numbers that a few embittered art-critics took occasion to blame the sculptor for attracting so much attention.

Contrary to the general notion, Epstein was not seeking, and he has never sought, to force himself by dramatic means into the limelight. Anyone who has known Epstein personally must realize that there is nothing of the showman about him. Twenty-five years ago, when as a boy of twenty he illustrated a book by Hutchins Hapgood called *The Spirit of the Ghetto*, he was a simple, idealistic, almost naively impractical person, with an eye for realities in the human face and body, and a certain largeness and nobility in his manner of presenting them. The student years in Paris and the long period of hard, devoted work in London in the face of an uncomprehending public, have not changed him. He remains much the same as when he went away—except that his talent is richer, his technique vastly more assured.

He does not find anything sensational in the quality of his work, nor in his own unwillingness to compromise with the truth as he sees it. Often he has been bitterly hurt by the attitudes of hostility assumed towards him; but that has not seemed to him sufficient reason for setting out to flatter the right people. He avoids dinner-clothes and functions, just as he avoids the small-talk of artistic politics. According to him, the business of an artist is to produce.

Many of the attacks which Epstein has suffered from the English critics and their American corollaries arise from the fact that he has steadily refused to ally himself with any one of the powers who rule the art world, the dealers and the critics who are so often one and the same person. He has remained a kind of lone wolf among sculptors, and so the cliques have been against him. Not infrequently, an appeal to anti-Semitism has been among their weapons—though, as a matter of fact, Epstein's sculpture is no more specifically Jewish, than it is Russian or Polish or Balkan. That exaltation of his, that nervous intensity, that subtle insight into human personality might have been born from one of the Slavic races, as easily as from the Hebrew. It is a matter of good fortune for the Jews that they may number Epstein among them; and yet on several occasions the Jews have not only failed to support him, but have even joined the ranks of his assailants.



Bust of Joseph Conrad

The fact is that Epstein's sculpture does not lend itself easily to moderate judgments. It is perhaps a proof of greatness that his work seems always to arouse strong feeling, to make violent friends or enemies. To persons who believe that one can have no gods in sculpture besides the Greeks, certain of Epstein's pieces naturally seem fierce. Among these are perhaps some of the most powerful and sculpturally profound specimens of his work: the *Selina*, with its lean firmness of structure, its twisted grace of outline; the *Amina III*, brooding out of deeply hollowed eyes, suggestive of Kali the Indian Goddess of Destruction. No thoughtful critic could fail to recognize the compact strength of these pieces, resting so steadily upon their bases, rising upwards as massively as a fine piece of architecture. They have tremendous solidity—and solidity, according to Epstein's own statement, is the first thing in sculpture.

Not only the weight of his bronzes refutes the charge of superficial power, made by Mr. Forbes Watson in the course of a peculiarly vicious attack in *The Arts*. Epstein's forms are innately vigorous. The hair of *Elsa* has the volume of water falling; the breasts of Miriam have the droop of tender flesh; the head and arms of *Peggy-Jean Asleep* show the weight of relaxed muscles. Thus, although the bronzes by Epstein are usually just a little over life size, they seem a great deal larger. Except in two or three of the smaller pieces, his effects are monumental rather than decorative. This is what justifies his use of rough, clay-like surfaces, recalling the *Balzac* by Rodin, which in its own day stirred up such a storm.

Epstein's rugged surfaces do not find favor with people who maintain that sculpture, like the smooth flanks of a domestic animal, should invariably in-

vite the touch. One might as well object to those rock-like fruits that Cezanne painted, on the ground that they do not invite the teeth. There is more of chastity than of grossness in the fact that one does not feel compelled to stroke the cheeks of an Epstein statue, as if they belonged to a living being. His works require space to set them off. Seen from a little distance, the quivering flesh composes; the prominent features subside into harmony; the massive forms emerge, more brilliant and

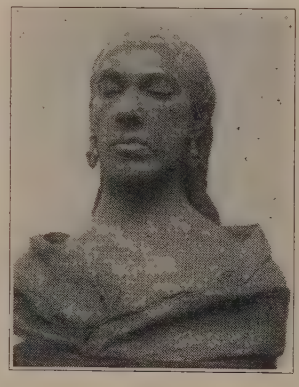
Oriel

more intense than life, creatures of a daemonic super-world. They respond sensitively to the play of light, and the changing hours of the day bring out fresh qualities in them. People who have owned works by Epstein say that one must live with them to know their full values, and that once having lived with them, it is hard to part from them.

Strange, Irregular Beauty

Frequently Epstein's figures have a strange, irregular beauty, an effect of spirit breaking through walls of flesh, that recalls the paintings of El Greco. The head of Epstein's *Kramer* actually culminates, like the Christ of El Greco's *Last Supper*, in a curling point that resembles the tongue of a flame. Epstein, like the Spanish painter, achieves many of his effects through asymmetry, a method growing out of the natural asymmetry of human features. Among pure forms, I think his favorite is the triangle, and his most characteristic plane is the diagonal one. There is among his works an abstract head, called simply *Mask* and intended to represent an angel, in which the crooked eyes and twisted mouth, the unevenly dripping hair give an effect of god and devil combined of fiery beauty and diabolic mockery. There is a bust called *The Girl from Senegal*, in which every feature and every line runs slantwise, yet the whole result is of harmonious, disdainful loveliness. In all of the busts and full-length figures, the diagonal line from shoulder to cheek-bone is emphasized, and sometimes the pose of a hand carries that line still farther, as in the *Dolores with Ear-Rings* or the large *Madonna and Child.*

The last-named group, in gleaming, golden bronze, was the only monument in Epstein's exhibit. Christian in title, its mood is closer to that of the early desert Semites, in the days before their pact with Jehovah. Then the Hebrew people worshipped a maternal, life-giving force, a goddess ample and generous. She was the Earth-Mother, typifying fruitfulness, and her son was the fertilizing water. This is the type of primitive goddess, older and deeper than the virgin of the Gentiles, that Epstein has portrayed. The boy whom she embraces is like a young tree, straight and slim in contrast to his mother's flowing curves, and his right arm outstretched in kingly dignity suggests a sprouting branch. The models for this group were a Mohammedan woman, Amina, and her son, Ever. Such naive confusion of sects only emphasizes the universal religious feeling and the wide tenderness of motherhood expressed in the *Madonna and Child.*



Nan

An extraordinary thing about Epstein is his ability to combine truth of anatomy and boldness of design with unusual strength of feeling. He electrifies his forms with a deep current of human emotion. His portraits are remarkable, not for a simply superficial likeness, but as soul-portraits, transfixing all shades of a personality. Epstein rarely attempts to describe in words the traits of character which he perpetuates in bronze. He senses the truth; and he speaks it most eloquently through the fingers which hold the sculptor's tool. His unique gift is that one for which King Solomon in days of old petitioned Jehovah—not riches, nor worldly power, but "a heart to understand."

The Jewish Book in Germany

(Continued from page 148)

leader, teacher and prophet. It also relates the legends woven around the Exodus, the giving of the Law, the myths concerning the ascent of Moses to heaven, the wanderings in the wilderness and the glorious myth of the death of Moses. These volumes of Ben Gorion's belong to the choicest treasures of Jewish lore. They are a revelation to both the Jewish and the non-Jewish world of the power, the richness, and the charm of Jewish literature.

* * *

Our Jewish knowledge, which has been constantly enlarged through the additions of such important contributions has, in the course of decades of modern research, swelled to an extent that is hardly realized by a layman. In addition to this Jewish life round about us and the problems which it presents have become so bewildering and inexhaustible, that means must be found to make this abundance of information accessible. Such a means has been the "Jewish Encyclopedia," which, when it was published, was of inestimable value to Jewish life and thought. However, this work needs revision just as every other encyclopedic compilation; and, for German Jewry there is needed a modern version in the German language.

Two such compilations are at this time in the process of preparation, one very extensive, scholarly encyclopedia and another, shorter and more popular work. Of the latter, which is entitled, *Juedische Lexicon*, the first volume has just been published. It is a work of excellence and superlative beauty, published by George Herlitz and Bruno Kirschner, to which two hundred and thirty Jewish scholars and writers have contributed. The external form is massive yet beautiful. The clear, attractive type is made more pleasing to the reader by numerous, exquisitely colored illustrations, facsimiles, wood cuts and photographs. The choice of catchwords is abundant and careful; the text brief, objective, clear, lively and interesting. There can hardly be found any ideas, events, personalities and problems of Jewish importance, from the beginnings of our history down to the present day, concerning which the lexicon does not offer sufficient information. If the last three volumes will contain what the first volume promises, we will indeed have been greatly benefited and enriched by this work.

The Jew in Engineering

By Jacob Levin

ALTHOUGH the Jew has made a name for himself in the field of pure science and in the commercial world during years gone by, it was not until comparatively recent times that he has had the courage and the opportunity to overcome the inertia of tradition which held him down and invade the realm of engineering. Because of the hostile attitude of those outside the Jewish fold, exemplified during the Middle Ages by the banning of Jews from the trade guilds and characterized up to late modern times by the denial of the Jew's ability to pursue vocations which demanded both physical and mental labor, the Jew has been an unknown quantity in engineering. Even today the idea prevails among Jews of the elder generation that Jewish young men can be successful in law, in medicine, in commerce,—but in engineering—bah! "What is an engineer, but a skilled mechanic?" is their challenge.

The Jewish men who have had the courage, the vision and the will to enter the engineering field, and who have proved to the world and to our own doubting brethren that we can succeed and make good in engineering, as well as in the other professions, have achieved a great triumph. Men who exist as mediocrities are seldom worthy of mention: but when men have brought outstanding contributions and discoveries to a profession then it is time that these men be named to the world.

Manager of Radio Corporation at 33

David Sarnoff, who at 33 is Vice-President and general manager of the Radio Corporation of America, the largest institution of its kind in the world, is a Jew educated as an electrical engineer. "Who's Who in Engineering" lists the name of Jacob G. Feldman, electrical engineer, who is an active member of many civic and charitable organizations throughout the country. Louis C. Loewenthal, until recently engineer in charge of the steam turbine department of the General Electric Company and the author of several widely used textbooks on steam turbines and gas engines, also has a place in "Who's Who." Notable improvements in automatic control systems for newspaper printing presses have been developed by Maurice M. Goldstein, another well known engineer of the Jewish faith.

Authority on Long Span Bridges

Leon S. Moiseiff, consulting engineer, the designer of the Manhattan and Queensborough bridges across the East River in New York and consulting design engineer of what is today recognized as the biggest bridge project in the world, the Delaware River bridge, has an international reputation as an authority on long span bridges. He is also the author of many articles and monographs on bridge construction. The man who has made possible the cantilever suspension bridge is Joseph B. Strauss, head of the Strauss Bascule Bridge Company, which up to date has built more than 270 bridges all over the world, including some of the largest in this country. Besides being the inventor of a variety of lift bridges and bridge improvements, Mr. Strauss built the first portable searchlight apparatus which was used by the United States government and by the Russian government during the late war. The Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the Armour Institute of Technology from 1894 to 1900 was A. M. Feldman, who is now engaged in consulting engineering practice. Dr. Jacob Feld, member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, is known in engineering circles as the designer of an apparatus for the determination of lateral pressure of soils.

The phenomenal rise of Louis J. Horowitz to the presidency of the Thompson-Starrett company, one of the largest construction organizations in the United States, was due in large measure to his being prepared for the opportunity when it presented itself. Although not a technically trained man, Louis J. Horowitz started at the bottom in the building industry and gradually advanced, until in 1909 he was made President of the Thompson-Starrett company. The magnitude of the work he is called upon to perform may be judged from the fact that one of his latest projects was the construction of the 35 million dollar Equitable Building in New York City which houses 13,500 office workers. During the war Horowitz was called upon by the United States Government to construct the powder plant at Nitro, W. Va., consisting, among other things, of 3000 buildings spread over an area of 1900 acres. Twenty thousand men made up the payroll on this 65 million dollar job.

Not only in America, but in Europe also, have Jews played a conspicuous part as engineers. Herr Mendelsohn, a Berlin architect, is the designer of the famous Potsdam tower. He recently designed a layout of the business section of Haifa, Palestine. Mention of Palestine brings to mind the achievements of Pinchus Rutenberg, who received his civil engineering education in Russia—but who did not have the opportunity to put into practice his engineering hopes and aspirations until a new vista was opened to him in Palestine. Rutenberg's plans for the hydro-electric development of Palestine have met with the unqualified approval and commendation of engineers all over the world, both from an economic and from a purely technical viewpoint.

Individual Taste Guide to Profession

The foregoing facts point very clearly to this conclusion: That religion or race are no criteria in the selection of a life work. A man takes up the study of law, of commerce, of medicine, of science, of engineering, not necessarily because his father has done so before him, or because an unthinking world says—"You are a Jew; therefore, you are fitted only to be thus-and-thus"—but because his individual taste and aptitude lead him into one of these fields. Here in America there are no castes to dictate to an individual that since his father was a laborer, he shall be a laborer, too. Because our Jewish young man's father was a clothing merchant, and his grandfather a rabbi, is no rational reason why our young man cannot combine the imagination of the grandfather and the shrewd business head of the father, with his own liking for work which demands both physical and mental alertness, and thus have a successful engineering career.

Wider Scope Campaign Reaching High Water Mark

FORCES are now being marshalled and lined up for a record-breaking Wider Scope drive in New York City. In general the Order has been gaining strength in a most gratifying fashion in the metropolis. The membership of the New York lodges has been growing apace. And the meetings and special affairs of these lodges are being attended exceedingly well. More and more of the intellectual and communal leaders are joining the Order and thereby giving special impetus to the preparation for the big campaign. And all indications are that we will come through it with flying colors and consummate success.

An indication of how great the interest in the Wider Scope activities is in New York is the recent meeting at Hotel Majestic, arranged by Brother Maurice Bloch, President of District Grand Lodge No. 1, and addressed by Brother Aaron Sapiro. More than eighteen hundred persons attended.

Dr. Boris D. Bogen, National Director of the campaign, is in New York personally supervising the formulation of plans for the New York campaign. Temporarily, headquarters have been opened at 261 Broadway, where Brother Maurice P. Davidson, Chairman of the New York drive, has his office. This will enable Brother Davidson to devote the maximum amount of time to this great public work which is so close to his heart.

District No. 2 has carried through its part in the Wider Scope Campaign with exemplary efficiency. The quota for the entire district has been almost completed, and most of the states in the district have closed their drives. Only Indiana, Kansas and Kentucky remain to be heard from. And in Kansas but two communities have yet to report: Wichita and Kansas City.

In Kentucky the work will no doubt soon begin gaining momentum, for Rabbi J. J. Gittleman of Louisville is going to tour the communities in that state which have not yet made their contributions.

A noteworthy feature of the work in District No. 2 is the $2,500 contribution made by the B'nai B'rith lodge itself in Kansas City, Mo., where the Wider Scope drive was combined with the Building Fund drive for the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home.

Brother Joseph L. Kun, President of District Grand Lodge No. 3, has been giving freely of his time and energy to the carrying on of the campaign in Philadelphia, his home city. And his efforts there as well as in other communities of the district are bearing fruit. Communicaitons from chairmen in the various cities promise that before long the drive will be in full swing throughout District No. 3.

The campaign activities in District No. 4 were stimulated by Dr. Bogen's recent visit to California. Also the splendid work being done by the Hillel Foundation at the University of California is helping make the Wider Scope drive a success in the 4th district. The Jewish boys and girls at this far western seat of learning write home about the spiritual sustenance they derive from the Hillel Foundation on their campus. And from the homes the good word passes on and on, and the people hearing the good tidings give readily to the fund which is going to make possible the further development of the Hillel Foundation and the establishment of more foundations in various parts of the country.

Brother Henry A. Alexander, Chairman in District No. 5, keeps in constant touch with the local chairmen under his jurisdiction. And those communities of the district which have not yet raised any money are making ready to start campaigns.

Meanwhile, Brother Joseph A. Wilner, President of the district, and his workers in Washington, have been doing some preliminary campaigning and have raised a considerable portion of the quota. Brother Oscar Leonard of St. Louis has been sent into District No. 5 to help carry through the campaign.

In District No. 6 Brother David S. Komiss, Chairman, is persisting in his determined efforts to bring the Wider Scope drive to a completely successful culmination.

He reports that, with three states still working and two states now organizing for work to begin in the near future, eighty per cent of the district quota has already been subscribed. Nearly all the first year's installments have been collected. And a considerable number of the second year's installments, too, have already been paid.

At a recent meeting of the General Committee of District Grand Lodge No. 6, a glowing tribute was paid to Brother Komiss for his splendid leadership in the Wider Scope Campaign. The resolution in which this tribute is embodied has been engrossed and will be presented to Brother Komiss as a permanent testimonial.

Particularly worth noting in this district is the accomplishment of Minneapolis during the past month. Under the able and devoted leadership of Brother Arthur Brin and Brother Albert H. Heller, Jr., the whole Jewish community of the Minnesota metropolis has been roused to the full import of the Wider Scope program. And the response in contributions has been commensurate with the enthusiasm that was created.

Brothers Louis Pisitz and A. B. Freyer are energetically lining up forces throughout District No. 7. Already a good deal has been done towards paving the way for a completely successful drive. Literature about the various phases of Wider Scope work is being distributed in communities in all parts of the district. The good word is being passed along through various channels. And so effective has been this enlightenment activity that in a number of communities in the district the quotas were raised at their respective opening meetings of the campaign.

To Brother Louis Cohen of Fort Smith, Ark., belongs the distinction of being the first one in the district to report that the quota in his community had been raised. Moreover he has been serving with high devotion and marked success as Vice-Chairman of the entire state of Arkansas. There seems to be a friendly competition on between him and Brother Judge Louis Josephs of Texarkana, who is State Chairman of Arkansas. Judge Josephs has absented himself from court several times in order to visit various communities in behalf of the Wider Scope campaign.

Now with the great drive in full swing and indeed with many quotas already completed, thought is turning everywhere toward the collecting of pledges. And in some places preparations are already under way for the collecting of the second installment of the subscriptions.

B'NAI B'RITH WIDER SCOPE CAMPAIGN

A few of the leaders of District No. 7

The National Headquarters of the Wider Scope Committee, 40 Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, is open to receive individual donations. This appeal is not limited to members. The Cause of the Wider Scope Committee concerns itself with every family, every community in American Jewry. The results of the work of the Wider Scope Committee are seen in the revival of Jewish ceremonies in the home and in the creation of youthful Jewish leaders through the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations at universities and the Aleph Zadik Aleph, the Junior Order of B'nai B'rith.

News of the Lodges

SAN FRANCISCO LODGE No. 21 has worked out a very effective method of enlarging its membership. A luncheon club, organized by the lodge, meets every Wednesday noon, with a general attendance of approximately sixty-five. Each time a different member is chairman, and it is up to him to formulate the program. Outside guests are invited, so that they may see for themselves what type of men belong to the B'nai B'rith. Practically every man who has been a guest at one of these luncheons has been sufficiently impressed with what he saw and heard to join the Order.

The picture above is a reproduction of the attractive token presented to each member of the "21" Luncheon Club of San Francisco who brings in one applicant for membership in the Order. A guilt edge, leather-bound Manual is the award for bringing in two applicants. And for securing five applications the award is a set of B'nai B'rith bookends.

* * *

THERE is a saying that busy men are the only ones who really find time to do things. And the truth of this maxim is borne out forcefully in the case of Maurice Bloch, the President of District Grand Lodge No. 1. It would seem that he has more than a man-size job in being Democratic (Minority) leader of the New York Assembly. But somehow he finds time to be a real, an active, an inspiring leader of the B'nai B'rith of the first district.

A few weeks ago he spoke before a gathering of over a thousand persons at the B'nai B'rith night conducted by Jordan Lodge of New York at the Hebrew Tabernacle on Broadway. And so enthusiastic was the response to Brother Bloch's address and, indeed, to the entire program that it is planned to make similar gatherings a regular feature of B'nai B'rith activity in New York City.

BROTHER Lazarus E. Schlechter, as member of the General Committee of District No. 1 and Chairman of the Metropolitan Conference, led in the installation night ceremonies of Henry Jones-Lebanon Lodge of New York, on January 25th. Other guests of honor were Boris D. Bogen, Grand Secretary of the Order, and Theodore Badman, Chairman of the Arrangements Committee of the Metropolitan Conference.

The joyous affair was well attended. And the distinctive B'nai B'rith spirit of brotherhood pervaded the atmosphere. Ely Rosenberg, President of the Jones-Lebanon Lodge, who is so popular that a traditional custom was set aside to re-elect him, acted as host.

B'nai B'rith Lodges of New York City are finding creative strength in united effort. The recently established Metropolitan Conference which brings our lodges, in the world's greatest Jewish community, together in their common endeavor to gather force for greater service, is succeeding in bringing about very effective results. The membership campaign started by the Conference in December has been extended beyond its originally planned closing date, and is still going strong.

At a recent meeting of the Conference, Brother L. E. Schlechter was re-elected Chairman. And at the same meeting arrangements were made for a united Metropolitan initiation on March 1st. One hundred and fifty new members will be formally inducted into the Order on that occasion.

Everything is now set for a monster B'nai B'rith Purim ball to be given under the auspices of the Conference at the Level Club, at which an attendance of three thousand is anticipated. A galaxy of Jewish stage stars will lend color and gaiety to the affair. And Harry Hirshfield, the renowned cartoonist, will serve as master of ceremonies.

* * *

THIS year's convention of District Grand Lodge No. 5 will be held at Asheville, N. C., on February 12th and 13th. A report of the proceedings will appear in the March issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

* * *

A SPECIAL meeting of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation Commission was held at the headquarters of Constitution Grand Lodge, in Cincinnati, on January 23rd.

Resolutions were adopted relative the policy of the Hillel Foundation its relationships with other nation bodies, functioning at universiti where Hillel Foundations are locate

In considering the choice of a su cessor to the late lamented Rabbi Be jamin Frankel, it was resolved to sep rate the office of national director the Hillel Foundation from that of loc director of any single Foundatio Prof. A. L. Sachar of the University Illinois was appointed Acting Directo of the Foundation at Champaign.

Applications were taken up for Hill Foundations in colleges in Atlant Ga., and Tuscaloosa, Ala., the Unive sity of Virginia and Marquette Un versity. Action on these applicatio was postponed until after a method extension work for the Foundation completely worked out. The ne Foundation to be established will located at some seat of learning in t East.

The resolution in which is embodi the Hillel Foundation's tribute to t departed leader, the beloved Rab Benjamin Frankel, was sent to h widow, Mrs. Benjamin Frankel. A a copy of it is to be kept as a pe manent record in the files of t Foundation.

* * *

DR. MOSES JUNG conducts cours in Jewish studies at the Hill Foundation of the University of Il nois. Among his students are no Jews as well as Jews. The followi is a quotation from a paper submitt to Dr. Jung by one of his non-Jewi students:

"The Bible is the book of the Je his contribution to civilization and the world, and he knows more abo it than any Christian does. He h a background which few, if any, Chri tians possess, for the whole of Jewi history will enter into the proble Just as the Renaissance was enrich by a rediscovery of the classics, can modern life be enriched by a r discovery of the treasures of the Bib and the Talmud."

* * *

SEATTLE Lodge No. 503 has t distinction of having as a memb Don Adler of Fairbanks, Alaska, w lives further north than any oth Ben B'rith. Brother Adler is said be also the most northern ex-marin

)N January 22, 1928, was celebrated in befitting fashion a great and ›rious birthday, the 85th Anniversary the founding of our Order.

The solemn and joyous ceremonies ok place at the LaSalle Hotel in ıicago. Twelve lodges of Chicago ıd adjoining territory participated. ıe address was delivered by Brother ıcius Solomons, first Vice-President the Executive Committee of the ›der and an orator of singular power ıd charm. Brother Philip P. Sachs, ›sident of the Chicago Central B'nai 'rith Council, acted as toastmaster. rother Jos. M. Rosenstein was in ıarge of arrangements. And Rabbi ıcob Singer of Temple Mizpah, Chi-go, gave the invocation.

* * *

)NE million dollars for the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum of San rancisco. Thrilling, no? Well, that's ırt of the will of the late Rube R. ogel, who left handsome sums also or numerous other charitable institu-ons. Mr. Fogel, who passed away New York on November 30th of st year, was, together with his ›other, brought up in the San Fran-sco Orphan Home.

* * *

ANOTHER great and good soul has departed for the home eternal. abbi J. L. Mayerberg, full of years, faith, of hope and of charity, passed vay in his home at Goldboro, N. C., ı January 19th. Rabbi Mayerberg ›rved his synagogue actively for ›irty-five years and as Rabbi Emeri-ıs for three years. He was a veteran en B'rith, and at one time perhaps ıe most active in his state.

He is survived, among others, by abbi Samuel S. Mayerberg of Dayton, man whose name is deservedly fam-ıar in all B'nai B'rith circles.

* * *

NOT because it is exceptional but just because *it* is characteristic ıe following report of the Women's uxiliary of Pittsburgh Lodge No. 44 interesting. It tells of the various ıblic service endeavors to which ıe Auxiliary has contributed during ıe past year. They are: The B'nai 'rith Home for Children, City Hos-ıtal at Mayview, National Jewish onsumptive Hospital of Denver, Red ross Emergency Appeal for Flood ufferers, Denver Sheltering Home for ewish Children, Hillel Foundation, Iontefiore Aid, Jewish Home for abies of Pittsburgh, Shaare Zedek ospital of Jerusalem and the United alestine Appeal.

B'NAI B'RITH Women's Grand Lodge of District No. 4 continues its admirable work in the way of strengthening the Order as well as in its public services. There are now four junior auxiliaries in the district and all of them are athrob with healthy activity.

It is well known that the auxiliaries of District No. 4 are contributing to the upkeep of the Denver Jewish National Hospital for Consumptives. And now it is announced that during the year 1928 these same auxiliaries are going to create a fund to help needy Jewish women students.

* * *

THROUGH its Special Service Committee, the Sam Schloss Lodge of Memphis recently brought about the organization of a Hillel Club. Students from the University of Tennessee, Southwestern College and the West Tennessee State Teachers' College participated in the organization meeting which was held in the home of the lodge. There were inspiring speeches by Leo Bearman, President of Sam Schloss Lodge, Brother Ettelson and Rabbi Stampfer.

In order to avoid confusion with the Hillel Foundation this splendid club has been requested to change its name.

* * *

ONE day last month all business ceased for more than an hour in the city of Greensboro, N. C., in tribute to the late Marcus W. Jacobi. A leading business man of the city, a man interested heart and soul in public welfare, a man prominent in several fraternal orders was Marcus W. Jacobi. And so respected and loved was he by his townsmen, that all work was stopped in Greensboro during his funeral so that the entire citizenry might pay their respects to him. Brother Jacobi was a past President of District Grand Lodge No. 5 and a Trustee of the B'nai B'rith Orphans' Home in Atlanta.

* * *

LOS ANGELES Lodge No. 487 is proud of its record for the past year. Under the presidency of Harry Finkenstein it held many notable meetings, made marked headway in the growth of its membership and the expansion of its sphere of influence.

It was during Brother Finkenstein's administration that the largest public initiation in the history of the lodge was held. Also during the same year "Test Night," hereafter to be an annual feature, was inaugurated.

AT FAIRVIEW near Erie, Pa., there was dedicated last month a $130,000 addition to the B'nai B'rith Home for Orphans. It was a beautiful, a touching celebration, the outstanding characteristic of which was a forceful setting forth of the belief that every man is verily his brother's keeper and that every man certainly should feel duty-bound to be the keeper of poor, parentless and homeless children.

* * *

BARON DE HIRSCH Lodge No. 430 of Butte, Montana, enjoyed an intellectual treat on the evening of December 15th, its election night. Brother Joseph Binnard, one of Montana's prominent attorneys, delivered an address on the subject, "How We Can Best Serve Our Fellowmen."

* * *

SUNDAY evening, January 29th, will not soon be forgotten by the B'nai B'rith of Des Moines. Cheered and delighted by a remarkable entertainment program and inspired by commanding speakers, the brethren of the Iowa capital came away from the testimonial dinner given to Robert C. Lappen, President of District Grand Lodge No. 6 at the Savory Hotel, more than ever imbued with the exhilarating spirit of our Order.

* * *

HERE is an item from *Commentaries*, Rabbi Harry J. Stern's column in the *Canadian Jewish Review* which speaks for itself:

"We rejoice that the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith of Montreal is about to inaugurate a course in Jewish studies for the members, to be conducted by the local English-speaking rabbis. Certainly the I. O. B. B. can be of tremendous service in every community. It is the only Jewish organization of men which is non-partisan. It is one organization which attempts to give expression to all that is best in Judaism without harping on "Jewish sectarianism."

* * *

THE SHOFER, A. Z. A. national organ, has an especially commendable number in its January issue. "Story of the Wandering Jew," by Irvin Stalmaster; and "Aleph Zadik Aleph—A Force," by Judge Joseph L. Kun: the feature articles are rich in significant data and are thought-provoking and delightfully readable. The rest of the magazine offers an authentic reflection of the vital, flourishing, ever-growing A. Z. A. Order.

Across the Seas

IT IS almost impossible to exaggerate the value and significance of the personal influence of leaders of men. Personal magnetism it is that infuses words with power and gives wings to thoughts.

The truth of this is well known and generally accepted among thinking people, and yet one cannot help but stop and consider once more the wonder of it when a striking illustration of this force of personality is brought to notice.

These reflections were evoked in us when we read the following resolution passed at the most recent meeting of District Grand Lodge No. 15 of Great Britain and Ireland—the first meeting of that Grand Lodge since President Alfred M. Cohen's visit in June, 1927:

"This meeting places on record its appreciation of the great importance of the work accomplished by Brother Grand President Hon. Alfred M. Cohen, in inaugurating and installing the District Grand Lodge (No. 15) of Great Britain and Ireland, and of his extended visit to many of the lodges of I. O. B. B. in various countries of Europe. This meeting feels that the outcome of this tour will bring lodges and members of the Order all over the world into more intimate contact, and so advance the purposes of the Order."

* * *

AT the recent meeting of District Grand Lodge No. 15 the results of the negotiations between B'nai B'rith representatives and leaders of Jewish students in Great Britain were reported. And the following recommendation was adopted:

"That Jewish students between the ages of 21 and 25 be admitted as members of lodges in university towns on the payment of a nominal annual subscription to be determined in each case by the lodge concerned."

Another noteworthy move on the part of the same Grand Lodge is the recommendation to its constituent lodges that they form arbitration panels. The idea being that members be invited to bring their disputes before the arbitration panels of their respective lodges. And to round out the plan a Grand Lodge Arbitration Panel is to be formed for the purpose of hearing and considering appeals from the decisions of the arbitration boards of the constituent lodges.

PROVISION for elderly sisters, who are still able to earn part of their livelihoods, was one of the most important matters considered at the recent meeting of the Southwest German Women's Lodge Association. Since the erection of a home for these sisters is being held up because of lack of finances, it was proposed to set a fixed assessment for the Old Folks' Home Fund. If, however, after a reasonable allowance of time there is still insufficient capital to make possible the construction of an independent home, the sisters in question are to be granted allowances, according to their needs, from the Old Folks' Home Fund. This will enable them to maintain their own households.

* * *

THE official publication of the B'nai B'rith of Germany has admonished the Jews of that country to bestir themselves out of the spiritual lethargy into which some of the German-Jewish communities have fallen. In the smaller towns this drifting away from the faith is most notable, but the situation in the large cities is also said to be disconcerting. In making this call the B'nai B'rith of Germany show themselves to be true guardians of the covenant.

* * *

ONE of the noblest enterprises on the part of the American B'nai B'rith was the adoption of orphans in the war-devastated region of Eastern Europe. But the American brethren are not the only ones doing this humane service, which is also an investment in futures. Recently the Hessian Lodge Association of Germany assumed guardianship of two Jewish orphans from Lithuania. The true significance of this is not realized till we consider that our brethren in Hessia are stretching out a helping hand to Lithuania, despite the fact that economic conditions in their own country are far from ideal.

At the same meeting it was also resolved to support Jewish settlers on the land in co-operation, especially, with the National Association of Jewish War Veterans. This again is commendable work and well worth emulating.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago the new Zagreb Lodge No. 1090 of Zagreb, Jugoslavia, was formally taken into the B'nai B'rith fold. Bro. Dr. Salomo Alcalay, a member of the General Com mittee of District Grand Lodge No. I led in the ceremonies which were color ful and impressive. In addition to th twenty-three members of the new lodge there were present at the festive occa sion a delegation from the Serbia Lodg of Belgrade who had made the trip fo the express purpose of giving a heart welcome to the new brethren. Bro. Dr B. Piyade, President of the lodge i Belgrade, opened the installation meet ing and then turned over the chair t Dr. Alcalay.

The officers of the new lodge are Dr. Milan Schwartz, President; Dr Oscar Spiegler, Vice-President; Dr Gavro Schwartz, Mentor; Mr. Maxim Stern, Secretary; Mrs. Masko Lederer Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Mavr Kandel, Treasurer; Mr. Makso Bauer Marshal; and Dr. Vladimir Altman Sergeant-at-Arms.

* * *

ON January 24th District Grand Lodge, No. 13, of Poland met a Bielsko-Bielitz. Detailed reports were read on the activities of the Grand Lodge, the individual lodges of the dis trict and the Union of Non-American Districts. Among the questions con sidered were: support of the Institut of Jewish Learning in Poland, change in the ritual and the publication of general periodical for District No. 13 Illuminating speeches were delivered and work of a highly constructive na ture was accomplished.

A new lodge has been established a Stanislaw, Poland. The formal instal lation of this lodge will take place thi month.

Education is one of the chief inter ests of the Polish brethren. Thus th Warsaw Lodge contributes annuall 10,000 *zloty* to the Institute for Jew ish Learning, and Montefiore Lodge o Lodz gives 8,000 *zloty* each year t the same institution.

* * *

BOHEMIA LODGE of Prague ha secured an ideal location for th new home which the lodge is erectin for the benefit of its members. Th Building Fund is being rapidly raised and it is expected that the home wil be completed early in the year 1928 It will have living accommodations fo members and facilities for social affair and gatherings.

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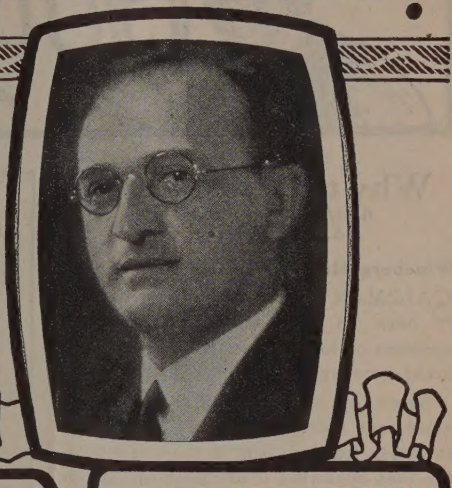

Even New Orleans, with its warm climate has ore than 450 Williams Oil-O-Matic oil burners rnishing automatically controlled heat in homes d buildings.

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AN ENGINEERS CHOICE

Hyman Rabinovitz, Architect in New Orleans on recognized the advantages of Williams Oil- -Matic heating. And is specifying it in new uildings. Three of which are shown on this ge. These include the Memorah Institute erated under the direction of Temple Beth El.

Naturally Mr. Rabinovitz, being an engineer, vestigated oil burners thoroughly before choos- g Oil-O-Matic heat. You can rely on his judg- ent. Your heating problem is solved when ur Oil-O-Matic is installed.

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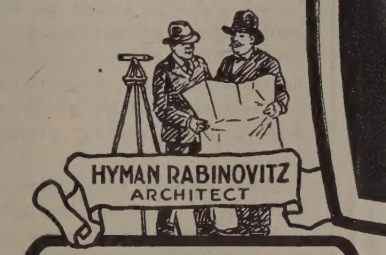
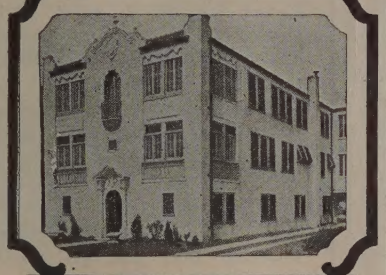
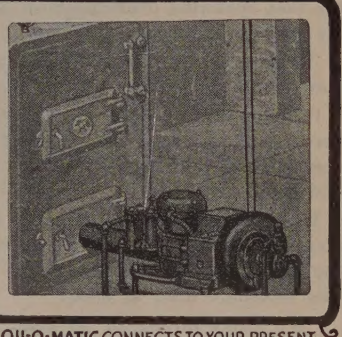
Our dealer in your city is an expert on oil heat- g. Let him show you the NEW IMPROVED ILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC MODEL "J".





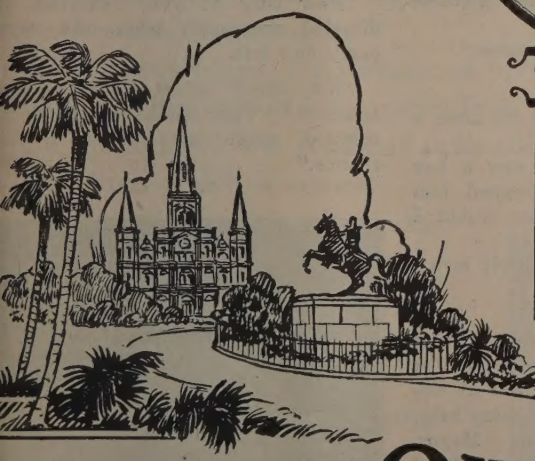
OILOMATICALLY HEATED APARTMENT
NEW ORLEANS



OIL-O-MATIC CONNECTS TO YOUR PRESENT FURNACE, BURNS LOW COST FUEL OIL, FURNISHES CLEAN EVEN WARMTH AUTOMATICALLY

OILOMATICALLY HEATED HOME
NEW ORLEANS

OILOMATICALLY HEATED MEMORAH INSTITUTE
NEW ORLEANS



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Why the Jew Laughs

Adapted and Retold by
S. Ben Menahem

PURIM is one of the occasions when Jewish hearts are especially light and merry. Stories are told of olden times when miracles happened, and anecdotes are related about the quaint and homely occurrences of everyday life.

There was a time when one could share a joke with others only by telling it directly at a Purim festival or some similar gay affair, in which at best only a few could participate. But in this day when the printed word is widespread you may share your fun with thousands. Send us the anecdotes you know. We will give you a book for each of them that we print, and in addition you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are making thousands laugh.

The fortunate ones this month are: A. N. Lebensohn, 5901 – 19th Ave., Kenosha, Wisconsin, and R. Lerner, 247 St. Paul St., W., Montreal, P. Q.

Wineberg Has a Solution

SALZMAN and Wineberg are partners in the wholesale clothing business on lower Broadway and have a great number of salesmen on the road.

Salzman, on entering his private office one morning, found one of the salesmen leaning back in the chair with his feet sprawled over the desk and a big cigar in his mouth.

"What's the big idea?" asked Salzman in amazement.

"I'll do what I darn please around here," said the salesman, "and if you don't like it you may go to the devil and catch fish!"

Exasperated by this remark, Salzman ran into his partner's office, related the incident and exclaimed, "I want this salesman fired at once!"

"We can't afford to do that," declared Wineberg, "he brought in more business this season than all the other salesmen put together."

"But I won't be insulted by a subordinate!"

"That's all right," retorted Wineberg, "we'll take the salesman in as a member of the firm and then you will not have to be humiliated by a subordinate."

* * *

He Wasn't Particular

A *SCHNORRER*, having eaten a good meal at an inn, thanked the proprietress for her hospitality.

The latter, however, asked for cash payment.

"If you insist on my paying you, I shall have to go begging and pay you when I have collected enough."

"But how can I trust you when I don't know you at all?" said the proprietress.

"Well, then, come with me," suggested the *schnorrer*.

"I should go with a *schnorrer!*" exclaimed the woman.

"If that's beneath your dignity, you may go begging by yourself," concluded the man.

Are Ideas Necessary?

"HOW do you account for the editors always refusing your articles?"

"Really, I haven't the slightest idea."

"Oh, maybe that's the reason."

* * *

Brotherly Love

THE teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity.

"Berel," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him from doing it, what virtue would I be showing?"

Berel (promptly): "Brotherly love."

* * *

Tough Luck

MEYER, when about seven years old, was taken by his parents to a party. When they arrived at the house where the party was being held, greetings were exchanged. Meyer, upon hearing the words, "*Mazel Toff*," quickly remarked:

"I know what that means, *mazel* is luck—so it means, tough luck."

He Knew His Czar

DURING the World War, Czar Nicholas "the last" visited a hospital in Leningrad. Moved with pity he approached a wounded soldier and said, "Well, Ivan, I see you have done your duty. Make any request and it shall be granted."

"*Zemlya*," answered the wounded hero, "land for a farm."

"It shall be granted—mark it down," said the Emperor to his secretary.

"And what is your wish?" said the monarch, as he approached another cot, on which lay a soldier from Lithuania.

"Swoboda," replied the patriotic boy, "liberty."

"Mark it down," ordered his Majesty.

A Polish soldier in a critical condition was visited next.

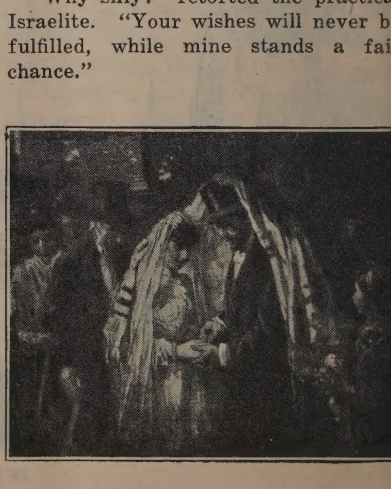
"Make a petition, and it shall be granted," said the Czar with emotion.

"Independence for Poland," gasped the expiring hero.

A Jewish soldier was next to be honored and when asked what request he had to make, his answer was, "A couple of eggs."

"How silly of you," sneered his disabled comrades, when the royal party had left.

"Why silly?" retorted the practical Israelite. "Your wishes will never be fulfilled, while mine stands a fair chance."



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The pie crust recipe on this page is one of nearly 300 new, carefully compiled recipes in "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods"—a remarkable book by Ida Bailey Allen.

Every progressive woman should have a copy—send 10 cents with the coupon to the right.

Try This Recipe for CRISP, FLAKY PIE CRUST:

1¾ cups flour	*8 tablespoons Mazola*
¼ cup Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch	*Cold water to moisten —about 4 tablespoons*
	½ teaspoon salt

Sift the flour, cornstarch and salt into a bowl. Stir in the Mazola, moisten with the water. Turn onto a floured board, roll out at once. One-quarter teaspoon of baking powder may be added if desired.

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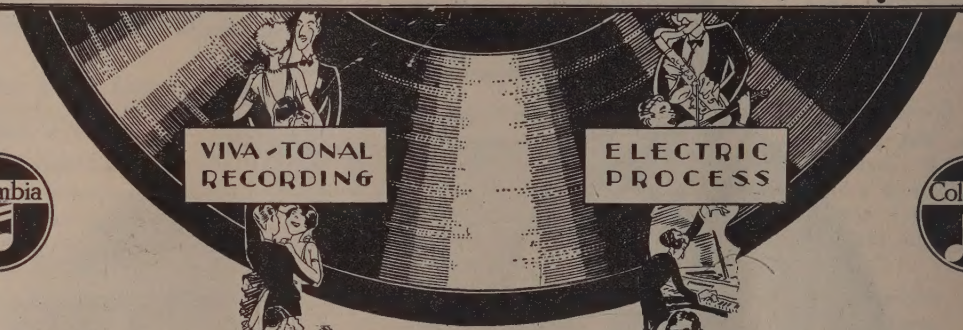

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